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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

Edinburgh:

PRINTED BY ADAM NEILL AND CO.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE

COTTER's

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;

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With honeſt pride, I ſcorn each ſelfiſh end,
My deareſt meed, a friend's eſteem and praiſe:
To you I ſing, in ſimple *Scottiſh* lays,
The lowly train in life's ſequeſter'd ſcene;
The native feelings ſtrong, the guileleſs ways;
What A**** in a Cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry ſugh;
The ſhort'ning winter-day is near a cloſe;
The miry beaſts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repoſe:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects

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Collects his ſpades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in eaſe and reſt to ſpend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his courſe does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the ſhelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, ſtacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noiſe an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thriftie *Wifie*'s ſmile,
The liſping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

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IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At ſervice out, amang the Farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldeſt hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love ſparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſite her fair-won penny fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardſhip be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and ſiſters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly ſpeirs :
The

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The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd unnotic'd
fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears;
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her ſheers,
Gars auld claes look amaiſt as weel's the
new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Maſter's an' their Miſtreſs's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk or play;
' An' O! be ſure to fear the LORD alway!
' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an'
' night!

'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might;
'They never sought in vain, that sought the
'Lord aright.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild,
worthless Rake.

VIII.

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VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
  A ſtrappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
    eye ;
Blythe *Jenny* ſees the viſit's no ill ta'en ;
  The Father cracks of horſes, pleughs, and
    kye.
The Youngſter's artleſs heart o'erflows wi' joy,
  But blate and laithfu', ſcarce can weel be-
    have ;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can ſpy
  What makes the youth ſae baſhfu' an' ſae
    grave ;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* reſpected
    like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
  O heart-felt raptures ! bliſs beyond compare !

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I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
'If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
''Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
'In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny*'s unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?

Is

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Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
  Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their diſtraction wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their ſimple board,
  The healſome *Parritch*, chief o' *Scotia*'s food:
The ſoupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
  That 'yont the hallan ſnugly chows her cood:
The Dame brings forth in complimental mood,
  To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

An'

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An' aft he's preft, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' ferious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid afide,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Thofe ftrains that once did fweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And '*Let us worfhip* GOD!' he fays, with folemn air.

XIII.

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XIII.

They chant their artlefs notes in fimple guife;
They tune their hearts, by far the nobleft aim:
Perhaps *Dundee*'s wild warbling meafures rife,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The fweeteft far of *Scotia*'s holy lays:
Compar'd with thefe, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raife;
Nae unifon hae they with our Creator's praife.

XIV.

The prieft-like Father reads the facred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of* God on high;

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Or, *Moses* bad eternal warfare wage
  With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny ;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye
  Beneath the ſtroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
  Or rapt *Iſaiah*'s wild, ſeraphic fire ;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the ſacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Chriſtian Volume* is the theme,
  How guiltleſs blood for guilty man was ſhed ;
How *He*, who bore in Heav'n the ſecond name,
  Had not on Earth whereon to lay his head :
How His firſt followers and ſervants ſped ;

The

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The precepts ſage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* baniſhed,
Saw in the ſun a mighty angel ſtand;
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Huſband*, prays:
Hope 'ſprings exulting on triumphant wing *,'
That *thus* they all ſhall meet in future days:
There, ever baſk in uncreated rays,
No more to ſigh, or ſhed the bitter tear,

Together

* Pope's Windſor Foreſt.

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Together hymning their *Creator*'s praiſe,
In ſuch ſociety, yet ſtill more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eter-
nal ſphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men diſplay to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart!*
The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will deſert,
The pompous ſtrain, the ſacerdotal ſtole;
But haply, in ſome *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the
Soul;
And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor en-
roll.

XVIII.

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XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their fev'ral way;
The youngling Cottagers retire to reft:
The Parent-pair their *fecret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm requeft,
That *He* who ftills the raven's clam'rous neft,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way His Wifdom fees the beft,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* prefide.

XIX.

From fcenes like thefe, old *Scotia*'s grandeur fprings,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:

Princes

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Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
‘ An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God :'
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
Diſguiſing oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedneſs refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia !* my dear, my native ſoil !
For whom my warmeſt wiſh to Heav'n is ſent !
Long may thy hardy ſons of ruſtic toil,
Be bleſt with health, and peace, and ſweet content !
And, O ! may Heav'n, their ſimple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !

Then

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Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may riſe the while,
And ſtand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Iſle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
That ſtream'd thro' *Wallace*'s undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, ſtem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the ſecond glorious part,
(The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inſpirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, *Scotia*'s realm deſert;
But ſtill the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright ſucceſſion raiſe, her Ornament and Guard!

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MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blaft
  Made fields and forefts bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth
  Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I fpy'd a man, whofe aged ftep
  Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
  And hoary was his hair.

II.

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II.

Young ſtranger, whither wand'reſt thou !
(Began the rev'rend Sage ;)
Does thirſt of wealth thy ſtep conſtrain,
Or youthful Pleaſure's rage ?
Or haply, preſt with cares and woes,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miſeries of man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-ſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've ſeen yon weary winter-ſun
Twice forty times return ;

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And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mif-fpending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the fway:
Licentious Paffions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is ufeful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But

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But fee him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few feem favourites of Fate,
In Pleafure's lap careft;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewife truly bleft.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this leffon learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and fharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!

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More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves,
Regret, Remorſe, and Shame!
And Man, whoſe heav'n-erected face,
The ſmiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countleſs thouſands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And ſee his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor Petition ſpurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,
And helpleſs offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm deſign'd yon lordling's ſlave,
By Nature's law deſign'd,

Why

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Why was an independent wiſh
  E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I ſubject to
  His cruelty, or ſcorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
  To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
  Diſturb thy youthful breaſt:
This partial view of human-kind
  Is ſurely not the *laſt*!
The poor, oppreſſed, honeſt man
  Had never, ſure, been born,
Had there not been ſome recompenſe
  To comfort thoſe that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's deareſt friend,
  The kindeſt and the beſt!

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Welcome the hour my aged limbs
  Are laid with thee at reſt!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
  From pomp and pleaſure torn;
But, Oh! a bleſt relief to thoſe
  That weary-laden mourn!

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A

PRAYER

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cauſe
  Of all my hope and fear!
In whoſe dread preſence, ere an hour,
  Perhaps I muſt appear!

II.

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II.

If I have wander'd in thoſe paths
Of life I ought to ſhun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breaſt,
Remonſtrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'ſt that Thou haſt formed me
With Paſſions wild and ſtrong;
And liſt'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakneſs* has come ſhort,
Or *frailty* ſtept aſide,

Do

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Do Thou, *All-Good!* for ſuch Thou art,
  In ſhades of darkneſs hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
  No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good;* and Goodneſs ſtill
  Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

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STANZAS

ON THE

SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly ſcene!
Have I ſo found it full of pleaſing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween:
Some gleams of ſunſhine mid renewing
ſtorms:

Is

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Is it departing pangs my ſoul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And juſtly ſmart beneath his ſin-avenging rod.

Fain would I ſay, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promiſe never more to diſobey;
But, ſhould my Author health again diſpenſe,
Again I might deſert fair Virtue's way;
Again in Folly's path might go aſtray;
Again exalt the brute and ſink the man;
Then how ſhould I for Heav'nly Mercy pray,
Who act ſo counter Heav'nly Mercy's plan?
Who ſin ſo oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

Thy

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Thy nod can make the tempeſt ceaſe to blow,
  Or ſtill the tumult of the raging ſea :
With that controuling pow'r aſſiſt ev'n me,
  Thoſe headlong, furious paſſions to confine ;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
  To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

Lying

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Lying at a Reverend Friend's houſe one night, the Author left the following Verſes *in the room where he ſlept.*

I.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'ſt above!
  I know Thou wilt me hear:
When for this ſcene of peace and love,
  I make my pray'r ſincere.

II.

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II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal ſtroke,
 Long, long, be pleas'd to ſpare;
To bleſs his little filial flock,
 And ſhow what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
O bleſs her with a Mother's joys,
 But ſpare a Mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their ſtay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning bluſh;

Bleſs

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Bleſs him, Thou God of love and truth,
  Up to a parent's wiſh.

V.

The beauteous, ſeraph Siſter-band,
  With earneſt tears I pray,
Thou know'ſt the ſnares on ev'ry hand,
  Guide Thou their ſteps alway.

VI.

When ſoon or late they reach that coaſt,
  O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer loſt,
  A family in Heav'n!

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THE

FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happineſs in ſtore,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the ſeat of Scornful Pride
Caſts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his GOD.

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That man ſhall flouriſh like the trees
Which by the ſtreamlets grow;
The fruitful top is ſpread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whoſe bloſſom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be caſt,
And like the rootleſs ſtubble toſt,
Before the ſweeping blaſt.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and reſt,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly bleſt.

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A

PRAYER

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O Thou great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy

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Thy creature here before Thee ftands,
  All wretched and diftreft ;
Yet fure thofe ills that wring my foul
  Obey Thy high beheft.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canft not act
  From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
  Or clofe them faft in death !

But if I muft afflicted be,
  To fuit fome wife defign ;
Then, man my foul with firm refolves
  To bear and not repine !

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THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the firſt, the greateſt friend
Of all the human race!
Whoſe ſtrong right-hand has ever been
Their ſtay and dwelling-place!

Before

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Before the mountains heav'd their heads
  Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itſelf,
  Aroſe at Thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd and ſtill upholds
  This univerſal frame,
From countleſs, unbeginning time
  Was ever ſtill the ſame.

Thoſe mighty periods of years
  Which ſeem to us ſo vaſt,
Appear no more before Thy ſight
  Than yeſterday that's paſt.

Thou giv'ſt the word : Thy creature, Man,
  Is to exiſtence brought ;
Again Thou ſay'ſt, ' Ye ſons of men,
  ' Return ye into nought !'

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Thou layeſt them, with all their cares,
  In everlaſting ſleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'ſt them off
  With overwhelming ſweep.

They flouriſh like the morning flow'r,
  In beauty's pride array'd:
But long ere night cut down it lies
  All wither'd and decay'd.

TO

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TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April 1786.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem.
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas!

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Alas! its no thy neebor ſweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' ſpreckl'd breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe, to greet
The purpling Eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High ſhelt'ring woods and wa's maun ſhield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie *ſtibble-field*,
Unſeen, alane.

There,

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There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnawie boſom ſun-ward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural ſhade!
By Love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low i' the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such

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Such fate to *ſuffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, ſink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the Daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-ſhare* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TO

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TO

RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose deſtruction-breathing word,
The mightieſt empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The miniſters of Grief and Pain,
A ſullen welcome, all!

With

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With ftern-refolv'd, defpairing eye,
I fee each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *deareft tye*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *Storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a *pleafure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I fhrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To clofe this fcene of care!
When fhall my foul, in filent peace,
Refign Life's *joylefs* day;
My weary heart its throbbings ceafe,
Cold mould'ring in the clay;

No

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No fear more, no tear more,
To ſtain my lifeleſs face,
Enclaſped, and graſped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO

TO

MISS L——,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS *for a New-year's Gift.* Jan. 1. 1787.

AGAIN the ſilent wheels of time
  Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' ſcarce in maiden prime,
  Are ſo much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coaſts
  The infant year to hail;

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I ſend you more than India boaſts
  In *Edwin*'s ſimple tale.

Our ſex with guile and faithleſs love
  Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
  An *Edwin* ſtill to you.

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EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May —— 1786.

I.

I Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
  A Something to have ſent you,
Tho' it ſhould ſerve nae other end
  Than juſt a kind *memento*;

But

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But how the ſubject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps, it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world ſoon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco ſquad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble ſet your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is ſtrained.

III.

I'll no ſay, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,

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Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few reſtricked :
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be truſted ;
If *Self* the wavering balance ſhake,
It's rarely right adjuſted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's ſtrife,
Their fate we would na cenſure,
For ſtill th' *important end* of life,
They equally may anſwer :
A man may hae an honeſt heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly ſtare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *caſh* to ſpare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your ſtory tell,
When wi' a boſom crony ;

But

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But ſtill keep ſomething to yourſel
  Ye ſcarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yourſel as weel's ye can
  Frae critical diſſection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
  Wi' ſharpen'd ſly inſpection.

VI.

The ſacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
  Luxuriantly indulge it:
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
  Tho' naething ſhould divulge it:
I wave the quantum of the ſin,
  The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden ſmile,
  Aſſiduous wait upon her;

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And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's juſtify'd by Honor :
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border :
It's ſlighteſt touches, inſtant pauſe—
Debar a' ſide pretences ;
And reſolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring conſequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Muſt ſure become the *creature* ;

But

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But ſtill the preaching cant forbear,
  And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with Wits profane to range,
  Be complaiſance extended;
An Atheiſt-laugh's a poor exchange
  For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in Pleaſure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or if ſhe gie a *random ſting*,
  It may be little minded;
But when on Life we're tempeſt-driv'n,
  A Conſcience but a canker—
A correſpondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
  Is ſure a noble *anchor!*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
  Your heart can ne'er be wanting!

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May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
  Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
  Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
  Than ever did th' Adviser.

ON

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ON A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' Ye wha live by ſowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

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Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-ſplore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In ſocial key ;
For now he's taen anither ſhore,
An' owre the Sea !

The bonnie laſſes weel may wiſs him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may bleſs him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miſs him
That's owre the Sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadſt thou taen aff ſome drowſy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the Sea !

Auld,

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Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' ſtain them wi' the ſaut, ſaut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee:
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He ſaw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-weſt*
Lang muſtering up a bitter blaſt;
A Jillet brak his heart at laſt,
Ill may ſhe be!
So, took a birth afore the maſt,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On ſcarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent ſtomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding*;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie!*
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!

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TO A

HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honeſt, ſonſie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The

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The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a diſtant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews diſtil
Like amber bead.

His knife ſee Ruſtic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready ſlight,
Trenching your guſhing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious ſight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they ſtretch an' ſtrive,
Deil tak the hindmoſt, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-ſwall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maiſt like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is

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Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad ſtaw a ſow,
Or *fricaſſee* wad mak her ſpew
Wi' perfect ſconner,
Looks down wi' ſneering, ſcornfu' view
On ſic a dinner!

Poor devil! ſee him owre his traſh,
As feckleſs as a wither'd raſh,
His ſpindle ſhank a guid whip-laſh,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to daſh,
O how unfit!

But mark the Ruſtic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth reſounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whiſsle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will ſned,
Like taps o' thriſsle.

Ye

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Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

A

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A

DEDICATION.

TO

G***** H*******, Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,

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Becauſe ye're ſirnam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tir'd—and ſae are *ye*
Wi' mony a fulſome, ſinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I ſtop ſhort,
For fear your modeſty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun pleaſe the Great Folk for a wameſou;
For me! ſae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough*;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg*;
Sae I ſhall ſay, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's juſt *ſic Poet*, an' *ſic Patron*.

The Poet, ſome guid Angel help him,
Or elſe, I fear ſome ill ane ſkelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no juſt begun yet.

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The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's juſt—nae better than he ſhould be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa ſee a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What aince he ſays he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
Till aft his guidneſs is abus'd;
And raſcals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As Maſter, Landlord, Huſband, Father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly ſymptom* ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, ſinfu', corrupt Nature:

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Ye'll get the beſt o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy,
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
It's juſt a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thouſands thou haſt ſlain !
Vain is his hope, whoſe ſtay and truſt is
In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Juſtice !

No—ſtretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuſe a brother to his back ;
Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;
Be to the Poor like onie whunſtane,
And haud their noſes to the grunſtane :

Ply

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Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter, ſtick to *ſound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-ſpread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
Grunt up a ſolemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A ſteady, ſturdy, ſtaunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the ſprings of *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
Ye ſons of Hereſy and Error,
Ye'll ſome day ſqueel in quaking terror !
When Vengeance draws the ſword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the ſheath ;
When Ruin, with his ſweeping *beſom*,
Juſt frets till Heav'n commiſſion gies him :

 While

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While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
And ſtrikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder ſhrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digreſſion,
I maiſt forgat my *Dedication* ;
But when Divinity comes croſs me,
My readers ſtill are ſure to loſe me.

So, Sir, you ſee 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
Becauſe (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them ſomething like yourſel,

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner ſhall ever——
I had amaiſt ſaid, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na ſay :

For

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For prayin I hae little ſkill o't;
I'm baith dead-ſweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'ſe repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
' May ne'er his gen'rous, honeſt heart,
' For that ſame gen'rous ſpirit ſmart!
' May K******'s far-honoured name
' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
' Till H*******s, at leaſt a dizen,
' Are frae their nuptial labours riſen:
' Five bonnie Laſſes round their table,
' And ſeven braw Fellows, ſtout an' able,
' To ſerve their King and Country weel,
' By word, or pen, or pointed ſteel!
' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;

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'Till his wee, curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
'When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
'The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the Poor!

But,

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But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand,—my *Friend* and *Bro-*
ther!

TO

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TO A
LOUSE,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie,
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

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Ye ugly, creepin, blaſtit wonner,
Deteſted, ſhunn'd by ſaunt an' ſinner,
How dare ye ſet your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae ſomewhere elſe and ſeek your dinner,
On ſome poor body.

Swith, in ſome beggar's haffet ſquattle;
There ye may creep, and ſprawl, and ſprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In ſhoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unſettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' ſight,
Below the fatt'rils, ſnug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmoſt, tow'ring height
O' *Miſs's bonnet.*

My

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My ſooth! right bauld ye ſet your noſe out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for ſome rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red ſmeddum,
I'd gie you ſic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dreſs your droddum!

I wad na been ſurpris'd to ſpy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins ſome bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miſs's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How daur ye do't!

O, *Jenny*, dinna toſs your head,
An' ſet your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what curſed ſpeed
The blaſtie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O

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O wad ſome Pow'r the giftie gie us
To ſee ourſelves as others ſee us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And fooliſh notion:
What airs in dreſs an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS

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ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia*'s darling ſeat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legiſlation's ſov'reign pow'rs!

From

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From marking wildly-ſcatter'd flow'rs,
  As on the banks of *Ayr* I ſtray'd,
And ſinging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
  I ſhelter in thy honor'd ſhade.

II.

Here Wealth ſtill ſwells the golden tide,
  As buſy Trade his labours plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
  Bids elegance and ſplendor riſe;
Here Juſtice, from her native ſkies,
  High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
  Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, ſocial, kind,
  With open arms the Stranger hail;

Their

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Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive ſtill to Sorrow's wail,
Or modeſt Merit's ſilent claim:
And never may their ſources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded ſummer ſky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B—— ſtrikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy ſhine;
I ſee the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There watching high the leaſt alarms,
Thy rough rude Fortreſs gleams afar;

Like

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Like ſome bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
  And mark'd with many a ſeamy ſcar:
The pond'rous wall and maſſy bar,
  Grim-riſing o'er the rugged rock ;
Have oft withſtood aſſailing War,
  And oft repell'd the Invader's ſhock.

VI.

With awe-ſtruck thought, and pitying tears,
  I view that noble, ſtately Dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
  Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
  Their Royal Name low in the duſt!
Their hapleſs Race wild-wand'ring roam!
  Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas juſt!

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your ſteps,
  Whoſe anceſtors, in days of yore,

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Thro' hoftile ranks and ruin'd gaps
  Old *Scotia*'s bloody Lion bore ;
Ev'n *I* who fing in ruftic lore,
  Haply, *my Sires* have left their fhed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudeft roar,
  Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! Scotia's darling feat !
  All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
  Sat Legiflation's fov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-fcatter'd flow'rs,
  As on the banks of *Ayr* I ftray'd,
And finging, lone, the ling'ring hours,
  I fhelter in thy honor'd fhade.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE

TO

J. L******K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1. 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks ſcraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouſſie whiddin ſeen,
Inſpire my Muſe,

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This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuſe.

On Faſten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our ſtockin;
And there was muckle fun an jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *ſang about.*

There was ae *ſang*, amang the reſt,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me beſt,
That ſome kind huſband had addreſt
To ſome ſweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-ſtrings thro' the breaſt,
A' to the life.

I've ſcarce heard ought deſcrib'd ſae weel,
What gen'rous, manly boſoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
'Or

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'Or Beattie's wark!'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And ſae about him there I ſpier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was ſae fine.

That ſet him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' ſangs he'd made himſel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverneſs and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' ſwoor an aith,
Tho' I ſhould pawn my pleugh and graith,

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Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
At ſome dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack,

But, firſt an' foremoſt, I ſhould tell,
Amaiſt as ſoon as I could ſpell,
I to the *crambo jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's ſel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a ſenſe,
But juſt a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muſe does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your

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Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
' To mak a *sang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in College classes!
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

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Gie me ae ſpark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I deſire;
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire,
At pleugh or cart,
My Muſe, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a ſpunk o' *Allan*'s glee,
Or *Ferguſon*'s, the bauld and ſlee,
Or bright *L*****k*'s, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'ſe no inſiſt,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your liſt.

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I winna blaw about myfel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends and folks that wifh me well,
They fometimes roofe me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie ftill
As far abufe me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the laffes—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair ;
Maybe fome *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can fpare.

But *Mauchline* Race, or *Mauchline* Fair,
I fhould be proud to meet you there ;
We'fe gie ae night's difcharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a fwap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The

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The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plank!*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But,

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But, to conclude my lang epiftle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grifsle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fifle,
Who am, moft fervent,
While I can either fing, or whifsle,
Your friend and fervant.

Digitized by Google

TO THE SAME.

April 21. 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the ſtake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honeſt-hearted, auld L*****k,
For his kind letter.

Forjeſket

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Forjeſket ſair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muſe ſair pleads and begs,
I wou'd na write.

The tapetleſs ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's ſaft at beſt, and ſomething lazy,
Quo' ſhe, ' Ye ken, we've been ſae buſy,
' This month an' mair,
' That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' ſomething ſair.'

Her dowff excuſes pat me mad;
' Conſcience,' ſays I, ' ye thowleſs jad!
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
' This vera night;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
' But rhyme it right.

' Shall

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'Shall bauld L*****k, the king o' hearts,
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
'Roofe you fae weel for your deferts,
'In terms fae friendly;
'Yet ye'll neglect to fhaw your parts,
'An' thank him kindly!'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *ftumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I fleep a wink,
'I vow I'll clofe it;
'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll profe it!'

Sae I've begun to fcrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or profe, or baith thegither,
Or fome hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I fhall fcribble down fome blether
Juft clean aff-loof.

My

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My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp;
Tho' Fortune uſe you hard an' ſharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
Wi' gleeſome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could ſtriddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I ſhould beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' ſing, an' ſhake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the ſax an' twentieth ſimmer,
I've ſeen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still perſecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, deſpite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do

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Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' *cent. per cent.*
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Bailie*'s name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
' Thro' Scotland wide;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
' In a' their pride!'

Digitized by Google

Were this the *charter* of our ſtate,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When firſt the human race began,
'The ſocial, friendly, honeſt man,
'Whate'er he be,
''Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan,*
'An' none but *he!*

O Mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor thoughtleſs devils! yet may ſhine
In glorious light,
While ſordid ſons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

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Tho' here they ſcrape, an' ſqueeze, an' growl,
Their worthleſs nievefu' of a ſoul
May in ſome *future carcaſe* howl,
The foreſt's fright;
Or in ſome day-deteſting owl
May ſhun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B***** ariſe,
To reach their native, kindred ſkies,
And *ſing* their pleaſures, hopes, an' joys,
In ſome mild ſphere,
Still cloſer knit in friendſhip's ties
Each paſſing year!

TO

Digitized by Google

TO

W. S*****N, *Ochiltree.*

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winſome *Willie* ;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun ſay't, I wad be ſilly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin ſtrain.

Digitized by Google

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor Musie ;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson* ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet

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Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or laſſes gie my heart a ſcreed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O ſad diſeaſe !)
I kittle up my *ruſtic reed ;*
It gies me eaſe.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' reſound again
Her weel-ſung praiſe.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To ſet her name in meaſur'd ſtyle ;
She lay like ſome unkend-of iſle
Beſide *New-Hollan'*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Beſouth *Magellan.*

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Ramſay an' famous *Ferguſon*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Naebody ſings.

Th' *Illiſſus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide ſweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, ſet your fit to mine,
An' cock your creſt,
We'll gar our ſtreams an' burnies ſhine
Up wi' the beſt.

We'll ſing auld *Coila*'s plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as ſtory tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At

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At *Wallace'* name what Scottiſh blood
But boils up in a ſpring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearleſs fathers ſtrode
By *Wallace'* ſide,
Still preſſing onward, red-wat ſhod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O ſweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cuſhat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or froſts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

Digitized by Google

O *Nature!* a' thy ſhew an' forms,
To feeling, penſive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in guſty ſtorms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muſe, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himſel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown ſome trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O ſweet, to ſtray an' penſive ponder
A heart-felt ſang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-ſhouther, jundie, ſtretch an' ſtrive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face deſcrive,
And I, wi' pleaſure,
Shall let the buſy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treaſure.

Fareweel,

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Fareweel, 'my rhyme-compofing brither!'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes!
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns.*

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaift forgotten clean,

Ye

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Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* ſae aft hae been
Maiſt like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' ſic talents,
They took nae pains their ſpeech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But ſpak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Juſt like a ſark, or pair o' ſhoon,
Wore by degrees, till her laſt roon,
Gaed paſt their viewing,
An' ſhortly after ſhe was done
They gat a new one.

This

* See Note, p. 91.

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This paſt for certain, undiſputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing miſteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' ſight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *herds* an' *hiſſels* were alarm'd :
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' ſtorm'd,
That beardleſs laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae

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Frae leſs to mair it gaed to ſticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks :
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' ſome, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure ſic hands,
That faith, the youngſters took the ſands
Wi' nimble ſhanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by ſtrict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat ſic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd ſtick-an-ſtowe,
Till now amaiſt on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
An' ſome, their *new-light* fair avow,
Juſt quite barefac'd.

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Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' ſweatin ;
Myſel, I've even ſeen them greetin
Wi' girnin ſpite,
To hear the *Moon* ſae ſadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But ſhortly they will cowe the louns ?
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' ſtay ae month amang the *Moons*,
An' ſee them right.

Guid obſervation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld Moon*'s gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmoſt ſhaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Juſt i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies ſee them,
I think they'll crouch !

Sae,

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Sae, ye obſerve that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonſhine matter ;'
But tho' dull proſe-folk Latin ſplatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken ſome better
Than mind ſic brulzie.

EPISTLE

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E P I S T L E

TO

J. R******,

Inclosing some Poems.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R******,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams** an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

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Ye hae ſae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' ſeen thro'.

Hypocriſy, in mercy ſpare it !
That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
Spare't for their ſakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black* ;
But your curſt wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're ſkaithing,
It's juſt the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
Like you or I.

I've

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I've ſent you here ſome rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to ſpare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll ſen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, ſma' heart hae I to ſing!
My Muſe dow ſcarcely ſpread her wing!
I've play'd myſel a bonnie ſpring,
An' danc'd my fill;
I'd better gaen an' ſair'd the King,
At *Bunker's Hill.*

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonnie hen,

* A *ſong* he had promiſed the Author.

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And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
I ſtrakit it a wee for ſport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad faſh me for't;
But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the *Poacher-Court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That ſic a hen had got a ſhot;
I was ſuſpected for the plot;
I ſcorn'd to lie;
So gat the whiſsle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,

An'

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An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' ſwear!
The *Game* ſhall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
For this, nieſt year.

As ſoon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'ſe hae ſportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I ſhould herd the *buckſkin* kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

Digitized by Google

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient :
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient,

JOHN

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JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the eaſt,
  Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae ſworn a ſolemn oath
  John Barleycorn ſhould die.

II.

* This is partly compoſed on the plan of an old ſong known by the ſame name.

Digitized by Google

II.

They took a plough and plow'd him down,
  Put clods upon his head,
And they hae ſworn a ſolemn oath
  John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
  And ſhow'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
  And ſore ſurpris'd them all.

IV.

The ſultry ſuns of Summer came,
  And he grew thick and ſtrong,

His

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His head weel arm'd wi' pointed ſpears,
That no one ſhould him wrong.

V.

The ſober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour ſicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To ſhow their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and ſharp,
And cut him by the knee;

Digitized by Google

Then ty'd him faſt upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full ſore ;
They hung him up before the ſtorm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darkſome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him ſink or ſwim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,

And

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And ſtill, as ſigns of life appear'd,
They toſs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They waſted, o'er a ſcorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a Miller us'd him worſt of all,
For he cruſh'd him between two ſtones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And ſtill the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterpriſe,

For

Digitized by Google

For if you do but tafte his blood,
'Twill make your courage rife.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to fing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toaft John Barleycorn,
Each man a glafs in hand ;
And may his great pofterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

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A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, KILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot ſtood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man;
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man:
Then up they gat the maſkin-pat,
And in the ſea did jaw, man;
An' did nae leſs, in full Congreſs,
Than quite refuſe our law, man.

II.

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II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na flaw, man;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
Wi' fword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a' man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept at *Bofton ha'*, man;
Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' fword an' gun he thought a fin
Guid Chriftian blood to draw, man;

But

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But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked ſma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like ſpur an' whip,
Till *Fraſer* brave did fa', man;
Then loſt his way, ae miſty day,
In *Saratoga* ſhaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckſkins claw, man;
But *Cl-nt-n*'s glaive frae ruſt to ſave
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha ſtood the ſtoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man:

For

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For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;
Till Death did on him ca', man ;
When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Goſpel law, man :
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noiſe,
They did his meaſures thraw, man ;
For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united ſtocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie*'s cartes,
He ſwept the ſtakes awa', man,

Till

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Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
  Led him a ſair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
  On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
  'Up, Willie, waur them a' man!'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle*'s gone,
  A ſecret word or twa, man;
While ſlee *D-nd-s* arous'd the claſs
  Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' *Chatham*'s wraith, in heavenly graith,
  (Inſpired Bardies ſaw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, riſe!
  'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth, F-x and Co.*
  Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till

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Till *Sutbron* raiſe, and cooſt their claiſe
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man:
An' ſwoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * * * *

SONG

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SONG.

Tune, *Corn rigs are bonnie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
  When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
  I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentleſs heed,
  Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' ſma' perſuaſion ſhe agreed,
  To ſee me thro' the barley.

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II.

The ſky was blue, the wind was ſtill,
The moon was ſhining clearly;
I ſet her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her moſt ſincerely;
I kiſs'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My bleſſings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and ſtars ſo bright,
That ſhone that hour ſo clearly!

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She ay ſhall bleſs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleaſures e'er I ſaw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

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S O N G.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune,—*I bad a borſe, I bad nae mair.*

I.

NOW weſtlin winds, and ſlaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleaſant weather ;
The Moorcock ſprings, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon ſhines bright, when I rove at night,
To muſe upon my Charmer.

II.

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II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The ſoaring Hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the Cuſhat roves
The path of man to ſhun it;
The hazel buſh o'erhangs the Thruſh,
The ſpreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleaſure find,
The ſavage and the tender;
Some ſocial join, and leagues combine;
Some ſolitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel ſway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;

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The Sportſman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the ſkimming Swallow;
The ſky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us ſtray our gladſome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The ruſtling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and ſweetly talk,
Till the ſilent moon ſhine clearly;
I'll graſp thy waiſt, and fondly preſs't,
Swear how I love thee dearly;

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Not vernal ſhow'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

Digitized by Google

S O N G.

Tune,—*My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' moſſes many, O,
The wintry ſun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The weſtlin wind blaws loud an' ſhill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll ſteal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

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III.

My Nanie's charming, ſweet an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As ſpotleſs as ſhe's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;

But

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But what care I how few they be,
  I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
  An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
  My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
  His ſheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
  An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

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VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
  I'll tak what Heav'n will ſen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
  But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN

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GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

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II.

The warly race may riches chaſe,
An' riches ſtill may fly them, O;
An' tho' at laſt they catch them faſt,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapſalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you ſae douſe, ye ſneer at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes, O:

The

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The wifeſt Man the warl' e'er ſaw,
He dearly lov'd the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature ſwears, the lovely Dears
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes, O:
Her prentice han' ſhe try'd on man,
An' then ſhe made the laſſes, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * * * * *

SONG.

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S O N G.

Tune,—*Jockey's Grey Breeks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature ſees
Her robe aſſume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freſhly ſteep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

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CHORUS*.

And maun I ſtill on Menie † *doat,*
And bear the ſcorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

II.

In vain to me the cowſlips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets ſpring;
In vain to me, in glen or ſhaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite ſing.
And maun I ſtill, &c.

III.

* This Chorus is part of a ſong compoſed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne.*

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III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
  Wi' joy the tentie Seedſman ſtalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
  A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I ſtill, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water ſkims,
  Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The ſtately ſwan majeſtic ſwims,
  And ev'ry thing is bleſt but I.
And maun I ſtill, &c.

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V.

The ſheep-herd ſteeks his faulding ſlap,
And owre the moorlands whiſtles ſhill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring ſtep
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I ſtill, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daiſy's ſide,
And mounts and ſings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaiſt I hameward glide.
And maun I ſtill, &c.

VII.

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VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will foothe my chearlefs foul,
When Nature all is fad like me!

And maun I ftill on Menie *doat,*
And bear the fcorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

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SONG.

Tune,—*Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The Hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

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II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Acroſs her placid, azure ſky,
She ſees the ſcowling tempeſt fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the ſtormy wave,
Where many a danger I muſt dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the ſurging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly ſhore ;
Tho' Death in ev'ry ſhape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart tranſpierc'd with many a wound ;

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Theſe bleed afreſh, thoſe ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The ſcenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Purſuing paſt, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with theſe, my love with thoſe—
The burſting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of *Ayr*!

SONG.

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S O N G.

Tune,—*Gilderoy.*

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I muſt go,
  And from my native ſhore:
The cruel fates between us throw
  A boundleſs ocean's roar:
But boundleſs oceans, roaring wide,
  Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
  My heart and ſoul from thee:

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II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the laſt throb that leaves my heart,
While death ſtands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that lateſt ſigh!

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THE

FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES's LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune,—*Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *myſtic tye!*
Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* Few,
Companions of my ſocial joy!

Tho'

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Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
  Purſuing Fortune's ſlidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
  I'll mind you ſtill, tho' far awa',

II.

Oft have I met your ſocial Band,
  And ſpent the chearful, feſtive night;
Oft, honour'd with ſupreme command,
  Preſided o'er the *Sons of light*;
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
  Which none but *Craftſmen* ever ſaw!
Strong Mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
  Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa'.

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
  Unite you in the *grand deſign*,

Beneath

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Beneath th' Omniſcient Eye above,
  The glorious *Architect* Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
  Still riſing by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright completely ſhine,
  Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *You* farewell! whoſe merits claim,
  Juſtly, that *higheſt badge* to wear!
Heav'n bleſs your honour'd, noble Name,
  To *Maſonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A laſt requeſt permit me here,
  When yearly ye aſſemble a',
One *round*, I aſk it with a *tear*,
  To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*.

SONG.

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SONG.

Tune,—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly,* &c.

I.

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly Man of Business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

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II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I ſcorn not the Peaſant, tho' ever ſo low ;
But a club of good fellows, like thoſe that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

III.

Here paſſes the Squire on his brother—his horſe ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purſe ;
But ſee you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle ſtill eaſes my care.

IV.

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IV.

The wife of my boſom, alas! ſhe did die;
For ſweet conſolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was perſuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the purſy old landlord juſt waddled up ſtairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts*'—a maxim laid down

By

* Young's Night Thoughts.

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By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of th' Compass and
Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with
care.

WRITTEN

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WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruſſet weed,
Be thou deckt in ſilken ſtole,
Grave theſe counſels on thy ſoul.

Life

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Life is but a day at moſt,
Sprung from night, in darkneſs loſt;
Hope not ſunſhine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love, with ſprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning ſtar advance,
Pleaſure with her ſiren air
May delude the thoughtleſs pair;
Let Prudence bleſs Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd ſip, and ſip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Doſt thou ſpurn the humble vale?
Life's proud ſummits wouldſt thou ſcale?
Check thy climbing ſtep, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:

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Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While chearful Peace, with linnet ſong,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the ſhades of ev'ning cloſe,
Beck'ning thee to long repoſe;
As life itſelf becomes diſeaſe,
Seek the chimney-nook of eaſe.
There ruminate with ſober thought,
On all thou'ſt ſeen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the ſportive younkers round,
Laws of experience, ſage and ſound.
Say, man's true, genuine eſtimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy ſpan?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and preſs it on their mind,
As thou thyſelf muſt ſhortly find,

The

The ſmile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, to be juſt, and kind, and wiſe,
There ſolid ſelf-enjoyment lies;
That fooliſh, ſelfiſh, faithleſs ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and baſe.

Thus reſign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of laſting ſleep;
Sleep, whence thou ſhalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn ſhall never break,
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good reſtore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadſman of Nith-ſide.

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O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS —— OF ——.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,

Noofing

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Noofing with care a burfting purfe,
Baited with many a deadly curfe?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen infpection trace
Aught of Humanity's fweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rofe.
See thofe hands, ne'er ftretch'd to fave,
Hands that took——but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron cheft,
Lo, there fhe goes, unpitied and unbleft
She goes, but not to realms of everlafting reft!

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ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes!
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seeſt thou whoſe ſtep, unwilling, hither
bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper ſkies;
'Tis thy truſty *quondam Mate*,
Doom'd to ſhare thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thouſand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,

While

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While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conſcience
clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

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ELEGY

ON

CAPT. M—— H——,

A *Gentleman* who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Haurl

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Haurl thee hame to his black ſmiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like ſtock-fiſh come o'er his ſtuddie
Wi' thy auld ſides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae beſt fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's ſel ſhall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity ſtrays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the ſtarns,
That proudly cock your creſting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of ſailing yearns,
Where Echo ſlumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's ſturdieſt bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cuſhat kens!
Ye hazly ſhaws and briery dens!

Ye

Digitized by Google

Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, ſtrang, wi' haſty ſtens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye ſtately foxgloves fair to ſee;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In ſcented bow'rs;
Ye roſes on your thorny tree,
The firſt o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry graſſy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance ſhed,
I' th' ruſtling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

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Mourn, ye wee fongfters o' the wood ;
Ye groufs that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whiftling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood ;
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, footy coots, and fpeckled teals ;
Ye fiher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his fake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at clofe o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld fhore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye

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Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In ſome auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' ſilent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O, rivers, foreſts, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty ſtrains:
But now, what elſe for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowſlip cup ſhall kep a tear:

Thou,

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Thou, Simmer, while each corny ſpear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry treſſes ſhear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy ſallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blaſt,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've loſt!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great ſource of light!
Mourn, Empreſs of the ſilent night!
And you, ye twinkling ſtarnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O,

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O, H******** ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
And haſt thou croſt that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound !
Like thee, where ſhall I find another,
The world around !

Go to your ſculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinſel traſh o' ſtate !
But by thy honeſt turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae beſt fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, paſſenger ! my ſtory's brief,
And truth I ſhall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If

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If thou uncommon merit haft,
  Yet fpurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither caft,
  For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble fodger art,
  That paffeft by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
  For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
  Canft throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praife,
  For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendfhip's facred ca'
  Wad life itfelf refign, man;
Thy fympathetic tear maun fa',
  For Matthew was a kind man.

If

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If thou art ſtaunch without a ſtain,
  Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinſman o' thy ain,
  For Matthew was a true man.

If thou haſt wit, and fun and fire,
  And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and ſire,
  For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggiſh whingin ſot,
  To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and ſorrow be his lot,
  For Matthew was a rare man.

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LAMENT

OF

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
  On every blooming tree,
And ſpreads her ſheets o' daiſies white
  Out o'er the graſſy lea :

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Now Phœbus chears the cryſtal ſtreams,
  And glads the azure ſkies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
  That faſt in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
  Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
  Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
  Sings drowſy day to reſt:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
  Wi' care nor thrall oppreſt.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
  The primroſe down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
  And milk-white is the ſlae:
The meaneſt hind in fair Scotland
  May rove their ſweets amang;

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But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My ſon! my ſon! may kinder ſtars
  Upon thy fortune ſhine:
And may thoſe pleaſures gild thy reign,
  That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
  Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'ſt thy mother's friend,
  Remember him for me!

O! ſoon, to me, may ſummer-ſuns
  Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
  Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow houſe o' death
  Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the ſpring,
  Bloom on my peaceful grave.

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TO

R***** G***** OF F*****, ESQ.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *paſs* for leave to beg;
Dull, liſtleſs, teas'd, dejected, and depreſt,
(Nature is adverſe to a cripple's reſt);
Will generous G***** liſt to his Poet's wail?
(It ſoothes poor Miſery, hearkning to her tale),

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And hear him curſe the light he firſt ſurvey'd,
And doubly curſe the luckleſs rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One ſhakes the foreſts, and one ſpurns the ground:
Thou giv'ſt the aſs his hide, the ſnail his ſhell,
Th' envenom'd waſp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and ſtateſmen, ſubtile wiles enſure;
The cit and polecat ſtink, and are ſecure.
Toads with their poiſon, doctors with their drug,
The prieſt and hedgehog in their robes, are ſnug.

Ev'n

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Ev'n ſilly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded ſpear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter ſtep-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceleſs, naked child——the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's ſkill,
And half an idiot too, more helpleſs ſtill.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated ſight to ſhun;
No horns, but thoſe by luckleſs Hymen worn,
And thoſe, alas! not Amalthæa's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's truſty cur,
Clad in rich Dulneſs' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blaſt from ev'ry ſide:
Vampyre bookſellers drain him to the heart,
And ſcorpion critics cureleſs venom dart.

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Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Thoſe cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody diſſectors, worſe than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expoſe.

His heart by cauſeleſs wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads daring into madneſs ſtung;
His well-won bays, than life itſelf more dear,
By miſcreants torn, who ne'er one ſprig muſt
wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal ſtrife,
The hapleſs Poet flounders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his boſom fir'd,
And fled each Muſe that glorious once in-
ſpir'd,
Low-ſunk in ſqualid, unprotected age,
Dead, even reſentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthleſs Cri-
tic's rage!

So,

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So, by ſome hedge, the gen'rous ſteed de-
ceas'd,
For half-ſtarv'd ſnarling curs a dainty feaſt;
By toil and famine worn to ſkin and bone,
Lies, ſenſeleſs of each tugging bitch's ſon.

O Dulneſs! portion of the truly bleſt!
Calm ſhelter'd haven of eternal reſt!
Thy ſons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar froſt, or torrid beams.
If mantling high ſhe fills the golden cup,
With ſober ſelfiſh eaſe they ſip it up:
Conſcious the bounteous meed they well de-
ſerve,
They only wonder "ſome folks" do not ſtarve.
The grave ſage hern thus eaſy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a ſad worthleſs dog,
When diſappointment ſnaps the clue of hope,
And thro' diſaſtrous night they darkling grope,

With

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With deaf endurance fluggifhly they bear,
And juft conclude that " fools are Fortune's
care."
So, heavy, paffive to the tempeft's fhocks,
Strong on the fign-poft ftands the ftupid ox.

Not fo the idle Mufes' mad-cap train,
Not fuch the workings of their moon-ftruck
brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
But turns in foaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentlefs and fevere,
With all a poet's, hufband's, father's fear!
Already one ftrong hold of hope is loft,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in duft;
(Fled, like the fun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, felfifh pray'r!
F*****, my other ftay, long blefs and fpare!

Thro'

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Thro' a long life his hopes and wiſhes crown;
And bright in cloudleſs ſkies his ſun go down!
May *bliſs domeſtic* ſmooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and ſoothe his lateſt breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT

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LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the ſun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding ſtream:
Beneath a craigy ſteep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely taen.

He

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He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whoſe trunk was mould'ring down with
  years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful ſang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes alang.

" Ye ſcatter'd birds that faintly ſing,
 " The reliques of the vernal quire!
" Ye woods that ſhed on a' the winds
 " The honours of the aged year!
" A few ſhort months, and glad and gay,
 " Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
" But nocht in all revolving time
 " Can gladneſs bring again to me.

" I

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" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has ſtood the wind and rain;
" But now has come a cruel blaſt,
" And my laſt hold of earth is gane;
" Nae leaf o' mine ſhall greet the ſpring,
" Nae ſimmer ſun exalt my bloom;
" But I maun lie before the ſtorm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've ſeen ſae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a ſtranger grown;
" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown:
" Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For ſilent, low, on beds of duſt,
" Lie a' that would my ſorrows ſhare.

" And

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" And laſt, (the ſum of a' my griefs !)
" My noble maſter lies in clay ;
" The flow'r amang our barons bold,
" His country's pride, his country's ſtay :
" In weary being now I pine,
" For a' the life of life is dead,
" And hope has left my aged ken,
" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy laſt ſad voice, my harp !
" The voice of woe and wild deſpair !
" Awake, reſound thy lateſt lay,
" Then ſleep in ſilence evermair !
" And thou, my laſt, beſt, only friend,
" That filleſt an untimely tomb,
" Accept this tribute from the Bard
" Thou brought from fortune's mirkeſt
" gloom.

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" In Poverty's low barren vale,
" Thick mifts, obfcure, involv'd me round ;
" Though oft I turn'd the wiftful eye,
" Nae ray of fame was to be found :
" Thou found'ft me, like the morning fun
" That melts the fogs in limpid air,
" The friendlefs Bard and ruftic fong,
" Became alike thy foftering care.

" O ! why has worth fo fhort a date ?
" While villains ripen grey with time !
" Muft thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
" Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
" Why did I live to fee that day ?
" A day to me fo full of woe ?
" O ! had I met the mortal fhaft
" Which laid my benefactor low !

" The

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" The bridegroom may forget the bride,
  " Was made his wedded wife yeſtreen;
" The monarch may forget the crown
  " That on his head an hour has been;
" The mother may forget the child
  " That ſmiles ſae ſweetly on her knee;
" But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
  " An' a' that thou haſt done for me!"

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LINES,

SENT TO

Sir JOHN WHITEFORD of WHITEFORD, Bart.

With the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'ſt,
Who, ſave thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'ſt,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou valued'ſt, I the *Patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

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TAM O' SHANTER.

A

TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the ſtreet,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we ſit bouſing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

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We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The moſſes, waters, ſlaps, and ſtyles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare ſits our ſulky ſullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring ſtorm,
Nurſing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honeſt *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town ſurpaſſes,
For honeſt men and bonny laſſes.)

O *Tam!* hadſt thou but been ſae wiſe,
As ta'en thy ain wiſe *Kate*'s advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a ſkellum,
A blethering, bluſtering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae ſober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller
Thou ſat as lang as thou had ſiller;

That

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That ev'ry naig was ca'd a ſhoe on,
The ſmith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's houſe, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She propheſy'd, that, late or ſoon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway*'s auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counſels ſweet,
How mony lengthen'd ſage advices,
The huſband frae the wife deſpiſes!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Faſt by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming ſwats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, truſty, drouthy crony;

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Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy ;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;

Or

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Or like the ſnow falls in the river,
A moment white——then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evaniſhing amid the ſtorm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-ſtane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beaſt in;
And ſic a night he tacks the road in,
As ne'er poor ſinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its laſt;
The rattling ſhow'rs roſe on the blaſt;
The ſpeedy gleams the darkneſs ſwallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might underſtand,
The Deil had buſineſs on his hand.

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Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam ſkelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Deſpiſing wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding faſt his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er ſome auld Scots ſonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Leſt bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaiſts and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was croſs the ford,
Whare in the ſnaw the chapman ſmoor'd;
And paſt the birks and meikle ſtane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *Mungo*'s mither hang'd herſel.—

Before

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Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
The doubling ſtorm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightnings flaſh from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll :
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway ſeem'd in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
And loud reſounded mirth and dancing.—

Inſpiring bold *John Barleycorn !*
What dangers thou canſt make us ſcorn !
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' uſquabae we'll face the devil !—
The ſwats ſae ream'd in *Tammie*'s noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggie* ſtood right ſair aſtoniſh'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admoniſh'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light ;
And, vow ! *Tam* ſaw an unco ſight !

Warlocks

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Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, ſtrathſpeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the eaſt,
There ſat auld Nick, in ſhape o' beaſt;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them muſic was his charge:
He ſcrew'd the pipes, and gart them ſkirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins ſtood round, like open preſſes,
That ſhaw'd the dead in their laſt dreſſes;
And by ſome deviliſh cantrip ſlight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
By which, heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa ſpan-lang, wee, unchriſten'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his laſt gaſp his gab did gape;

Five

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Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rufted ;
Five fcymitars, wi' murder crufted ;
A garter, which a babe had ftrangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain fon o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet ftack to the heft :
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew faft and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they fet, they crofs'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin fwat and reekit,
And cooft her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her fark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and ftrapping in their teens,

Their

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Their ſarks, inſtead o' creeſhie flannen,
Been ſnaw-white ſeventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were pluſh, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad ſpean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy ſtomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winſome wench and wawlie,
That night enliſted in the core,
(Lang after kend on *Carrick* ſhore;
For mony a beaſt to dead ſhe ſhot,
And periſh'd mony a bonnie boat,
And ſhook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-ſide in fear);

Her

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Her cutty ſark, o' Paiſley harn,
That while a laſſie ſhe had worn,
In longitude tho' ſorely ſcanty,
It was her beſt, and ſhe was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That ſark ſhe coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muſe her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To ſing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A ſouple jade ſhe was and ſtrang),
And how *Tam* ſtood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till firſt ae caper, ſyne anither,
Tam tint his reaſon a' thegither,

And

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And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-ſark !"
And in an inſtant all was dark :
And ſcarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the helliſh legion ſallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds aſſail their byke ;
As open puſſie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! ſhe ſtarts before their noſe ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When " Catch the thief !" reſounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch ſkreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam!* Ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin !
In hell they'll roaſt thee like a herrin !
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate ſoon will be a woefu' woman !

Now,

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Now, do thy ſpeedy utmoſt, Meg,
And win the key-ſtane * of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toſs,
A running ſtream they dare na croſs.
But ere the key-ſtane ſhe could make,
The fient a tail ſhe had to ſhake!
For Nannie, far before the reſt,
Hard upon noble Maggie preſt,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wiſt ſhe Maggie's mettle——
Ae ſpring brought off her maſter hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie ſcarce a ſtump.

Now,

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil ſpirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running ſtream.—It may be proper likewiſe to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Google

Now, wha this tale o' truth ſhall read,
Ilk man and mother's ſon, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-ſarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter*'s mare.

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ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curſe on thy barb'rous art,
And blaſted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity ſoothe thee with a ſigh,
Nor ever pleaſure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee ſhall home, or food, or paſtime yield.

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Seek, mangled wretch, ſome place of wonted
reſt,
No more of reſt, but now thy dying bed!
The ſheltering ruſhes whiſtling o'er thy
head,
The cold earth with thy bloody boſom preſt.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, muſing, wait
The ſober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
I'll miſs thee ſporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curſe the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapleſs fate.

ADDRESS

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ADDRESS

TO THE

SHADE OF THOMSON,

On crowning his Bust, at *Ednam, Roxburghſhire,* with Bays.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the ſod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian ſtrains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling ſhade,
Yet oft, delighted, ſtops to trace
The progreſs of the ſpiky blade.

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While Autumn, benefactor kind,
  By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
  Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
  The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
  Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
  Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
  Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

EPITAPHS.

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EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter **** in Death does ſleep ;
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir ſtanes lies Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took ſuch a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

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ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *ſaul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR's FATHER.

O ye whoſe cheek the tear of pity ſtains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and attend!
Here lie the loving Huſband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The

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The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntleſs heart that fear'd no human Pride;
The Friend of Man, to Vice alone a Foe;
" For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's " ſide *."

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O ſtranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

* Goldſmith.

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FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here *G——n* ſleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *ſuch as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *ſav'd* or *d——d!*

A BARD's EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inſpired fool,
Owre faſt for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to ſeek, owre proud to ſnool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this graſſy heap ſing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is

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Is there a Bard of ruftic fong,
Who, notelefs, fteals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pafs not by !
But, with a frater-feeling ftrong,
Here, heave a figh.

Is there a man, whofe judgment clear,
Can others teach the courfe to fteer,
Yet runs, himfelf, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave ;
Here paufe—and, through the ftarting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wife to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *fofter flame ;*
But thoughtlefs follies laid him low,
And ftain'd his name !

Reader,

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Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
Is Wisdom's root.

ON

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ON THE

Late Captain GROSE's PEREGRINATIONS thro' SCOTLAND, collecting the ANTIQUITIES of that KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats;—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith! he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,

O'

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O' ſtature ſhort, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco ſlight
O' cauk and keel.

By ſome auld, houlet-haunted, biggin *,
Or kirk deſerted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him ſnug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they ſay, L—d ſafe's! colleaguin
At ſome black art.—

Ilk ghaiſt that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipſy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's tauld he was a ſodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the ſpurtle-blade,
And dog-ſkin wallet,
And taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Ruſty airn caps and jinglin jackets *,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld ſaut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's firſt fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-cain's fire-ſhool and fender;

That

* Vide his Treatiſe on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

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That which diſtinguiſhed the gender
O' Balaam's aſs;
A broom-ſtick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel ſhod wi' braſs.

Forbye, he'll ſhape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang kail-gullie.—

But wad ye ſee him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then ſet him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* ſhine thou a wee,
And then ye'll ſee him!

Now,

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Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verſe and Proſe!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Groſe!—
Whae'er o' thee ſhall ill ſuppoſe,
They ſair miſca' thee;
I'd take the raſcal by the noſe,
Wad ſay, Shame fa' thee.

TO

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TO

Miss C*********, *a very young Lady.*

Written on a blank leaf of a Book, prefented to her by the Author.

Beauteous rofe-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'ft thou, lovely Flow'r,
Chilly fhrink in fleety fhow'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful ftellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!

Never

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Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bofom blufhing ftill with dew!

Mayft thou long, fweet crimfon gem,
Richly deck thy native ftem;
Till fome ev'ning, fober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem fings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful found,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And refign to Parent Earth
The lovelieft form fhe e'er gave birth.

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SONG.

ANNA, thy charms my boſom fire,
  And waſte my ſoul with care;
But ah! how bootleſs to admire,
  When fated to deſpair!

Yet in thy preſence, lovely Fair,
  To hope may be forgiv'n;
For ſure 'twere impious to deſpair
  So much in ſight of Heav'n.

On

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On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH of J—— M'L——, ESQ. BROTHER to a YOUNG LADY, a particular FRIEND of the AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Iſabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning roſe may blow;
But cold ſucceſſive noontide blaſts
May lay its beauties low.

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Fair on Iſabella's morn
  The ſun propitious ſmil'd ;
But, long ere noon, ſucceeding clouds
  Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the boſom chords
  That Nature fineſt ſtrung :
So Iſabella's heart was form'd,
  And ſo that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
  Can heal the wound He gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
  To ſcenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's bloſſoms there ſhall blow,
  And fear no withering blaſt ;
There Iſabella's ſpotleſs worth
  Shall happy be at laſt.

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THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF

*BRUAR WATER**

TO THE

NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know your noble ear
  Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
  Your humble slave complain,

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees aud shrubs.

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How ſaucy Phœbus' ſcorching beams,
  In flaming ſummer-pride,
Dry-withering, waſte my foamy ſtreams,
  And drink my cryſtal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
  That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton ſpouts,
  They near the margin ſtray;
If, hapleſs chance! they linger lang,
  I'm ſcorching up ſo ſhallow,
They're left, the whitening ſtanes amang,
  In gaſping death to wallow.

Laſt day I grat wi' ſpite and teen,
  As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a Bard, I ſhould be ſeen
  Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
  Even as I was he ſhor'd me;

But,

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But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the ſkelvy rocks,
In twiſting ſtrength I rin:
There, high my boiling torrent ſmokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each ſpring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I ſay't myſel,
Worth gaun a mile to ſee.

Would then my noble maſter pleaſe
To grant my higheſt wiſhes,
He'll ſhade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie ſpreading buſhes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And liſten mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

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The ſober laverock, warbling wild,
  Shall to the ſkies aſpire ;
The gowdſpink, Muſic's gayeſt child,
  Shall ſweetly join the choir :
The blackbird ſtrong, the lintwhite clear,
  The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin penſive Autumn chear,
  In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert ſhall enſure,
  To ſhield them from the ſtorm ;
And coward maukin ſleep ſecure,
  Low in her graſſy form :
Here ſhall the ſhepherd make his ſeat,
  To wave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a ſhelt'ring ſafe retreat,
  From prone deſcending ſhow'rs.

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And here, by ſweet endearing ſtealth,
  Shall meet the loving pair,
Deſpiſing worlds with all their wealth
  As empty idle care:
The flow'rs ſhall vie in all their charms
  The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
  To ſcreen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
  Some muſing bard may ſtray,
And eye the ſmoking, dewy lawn,
  And miſty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
  Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly daſhing ſtream,
  Hoarſe-ſwelling on the breeze.

Let

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Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
  My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
  Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
  My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
  The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
  Your little angel band
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
  Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
  To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
  "And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

On

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On ſcaring ſome WATER-FOWL in LOCH-TURIT, a wild ſcene among the HILLS of OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forſake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my preſence thus you fly?
Why diſturb your ſocial joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Buſy feed, or wanton lave;

Or,

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Or, beneath the ſheltering rock,
Bide the ſurging billow's ſhock.

Conſcious, bluſhing for our race,
Soon, too ſoon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud uſurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himſelf in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant ſtern to all beſide.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breaſt no pity dwells,
Strong Neceſſity compels.
But, Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleaſure ſlain.

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In theſe ſavage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring ſwains,
Where the moſſy riv'let ſtrays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor ſeaſon peaceful ſpend.

Or, if man's ſuperior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you ſcorn;
Swiftly ſeek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other ſprings;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at leaſt to be his ſlave.

Written

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Written with a PENCIL over the CHIMNEY-PIECE, in the PARLOUR of the INN at KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildeſt grace,
Theſe northern ſcenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful ſteep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouſe and timid ſheep,
My ſavage journey, curious, I purſue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-ſunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-ſcatter'd, clothe their ample ſides,

Th'

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Th' outſtretching lake, imboſomed 'mong the
hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring ſweet in infant pride,
The palace riſing on his verdant ſide;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native
taſte;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careleſs haſte;
The arches ſtriding o'er the new-born ſtream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * * * *

Poetic ardors in my boſom ſwell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's moſſy cell:
The ſweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' inceſſant roar of headlong tumbling
floods—

* * * * * * *

Here Poeſy might wake her heav'n-taught
lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here,

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Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd ſteps might wander wild;
And Diſappointment, in theſe lonely bounds,
Find balm to ſooth her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-ſtruck Grief, might heav'nward ſtretch her ſcan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * * * *

Written

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Written with a PENCIL, ſtanding by the FALL of FYERS, near LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his moſſy floods;
Till full he daſhes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a ſhapeleſs breach, his ſtream reſounds.
As high in air the burſting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling ſurges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening ſheet deſcends,
And viewleſs Echo's ear, aſtoniſhed, rends.

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Dim-ſeen, through riſing miſts and ceaſeleſs
ſhow'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-ſurrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the ſtruggling river toils,
And ſtill, below, the horrid caldron boils——

* * * * * * *

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

On

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On the BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD, born in peculiar Circumſtances of FAMILY-DISTRESS.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' ſtane wad thou na move,
Sae helpleſs, ſweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the ſhelt'ring tree,
Should ſhield thee frae the ſtorm.

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May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blaſt to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving ſhow'r,
The bitter froſt and ſnaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various ſtounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late ſhe flouriſh'd, rooted faſt,
Fair on the ſummer morn:
Now, feebly bends ſhe, in the blaſt,
Unſhelter'd and forlorn.

Bleſt be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unſcath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent ſtem
Ariſe to deck our land.

THE

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THE

WHISTLE.

A

BALLAD.

As the authentic *Prose* hiſtory of the WHISTLE is curious, I ſhall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when ſhe came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over alſo a Daniſh gentleman of gigantic ſtature and great prowefs, and a matchleſs champion of Bacchus. He had a little

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ebony Whiſtle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was laſt able to blow it, every body elſe being diſabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whiſtle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a ſingle defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moſcow, Warſaw, and ſeveral of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowefs, or elſe of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, anceſtor to the preſent worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard conteſt, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And "blew on the Whiſtle his requiem ſhrill."

Sir

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Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq; of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq; of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I Sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,

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Was brought to the court of our good Scottifh
king,
And long with this Whiftle all Scotland fhall
ring.

Old Loda *, ftill rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle fends down from his
hall—
" This Whiftle's your challenge, to Scotland
" get o'er,
" And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne'er fee
" me more !"

Old poets have fung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions
fell ;
The fon of great Loda was conqueror ftill,
And blew on the Whiftle his requiem fhrill.

Till

* See Offian's Caric-thura.

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Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the
Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in
war,
He drank his poor god-ſhip as deep as the
ſea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has
gain'd,
Which now in his houſe has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his
blood,
The jovial conteſt again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear
of flaw;
Craigdarroch, ſo famous for wit, worth, and
law;

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And trufty Glenriddel, fo fkill'd in old
coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old
wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue fmooth
as oil,
Defiring Glenriddel to yield up the fpoil;
Or elfe he would mufter the heads of the
clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the
man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel
replies,
"Before I furrender fo glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghoft of the great Rorie
"More *,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times
"o'er."

Sir

* See Johnfon's Tour to the Hebrides.

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Sir Robert, a ſoldier, no ſpeech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toſs down the Whiſtle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of ſorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the ſenſe, wit, and taſte of a ſweet lovely dame.

A Bard was ſelected to witneſs the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;

A

Digitized by Google

A Bard who deteſted all ſadneſs and ſpleen,
And wiſh'd that Parnaſſus a vineyard had
been.

The dinner being over, the claret they
ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new ſpring of
joy;
In the bands of old friendſhip and kindred ſo
ſet,
And the bands grew the tighter the more
they were wet.

Gay Pleaſure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phoebus ne'er witneſs'd ſo joyous a
core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite
forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd ſee them next
morn.

Six

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Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The

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The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the
end;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers
contend?
Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in
light;
So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell the
knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in
drink:—
" Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation
" shall sink!
" But if thou would flourish immortal in
" rhyme,
" Come—one bottle more—and have at the
" sublime!

" Thy

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"Thy line, that have ſtruggled for freedom
"with Bruce,
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
"The field thou haſt won, by yon bright god
"of day!"

GLOSSARY.

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GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural ſound. The ſound of the Engliſh diphthong *oo*, is commonly ſpelled *ou*. The French *u*, a ſound which often occurs in the Scottiſh language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottiſh words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a ſingle conſonant, ſounds generally like the broad Engliſh *a* in *wall*. The Scottiſh diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, ſound like the French *e* maſculine. The Scottiſh diphthong *ey*, ſounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

A', all
Aback, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a ſhy diſtance
Aboon, above, up
Abread, abroad, in ſight
Ae, one
Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated

Afore,

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Afore, before
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Agley, off the right line, wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Ain, own
Airn, iron
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horſe
Aizle, a hot cinder
Akwart, awkward
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Amaiſt, almoſt
Amang, among
An', and, if
Ance, once
Ane, one, an
Anither, another
Artfu' artful
Aſe, aſhes
Aſteer, abroad, ſtirring
Aught, eight, poſſeſſion, as *in a' my aught*, in all my poſſeſſion
Auld, old
Auld farran, or auld farrant, ſagacious, cunning, prudent
Ava', at all
Awa', away
Awfu' awful
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond

B.

BA', ball
Backlins coming, coming back, returning
Bad, did bid
Bade, endured, did ſtay
Baggie, the belly
Bainie, having large bones, ſtout
Bairn, a child
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood
Baith, both
Bane, bone
Bang, an effort
Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
Barefit, barefooted
Barket, barked
Barkin, barking
Barmie, of, or like barm
Baſhfu', baſhful
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, bots
Baudrons, a cat
Bauk, a croſs beam ; *Bauken'*, the end of a beam
Bauld, bold ; *Baldy*, boldly

Bawſ'nt

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Bawſ'nt, having a white ſtripe down the face
Be, *to let be*, to give over, to ceaſe
Beaſtie, *dimin.* of beaſt
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Befa', to befall
Behint, or behin', behind
Belly-fu', belly full
Belyve, by and by
Ben, into the *ſpence* or parlour
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dunbartonſhire
Beuk, a book
Be't, be it
Bethankit, the grace after meat
Bicker, a kind of wooden diſh, a ſhort race
Biel, or bield, ſhelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful
Big, to build; *Bigget*, builded
Biggen, building, a houſe
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother, a young fellow
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Birkie, a clever fellow
Birring, the noiſe of partridges, &c. when they ſpring
Bit, criſis, nick of time
Bizz, a buſtle, to buzz
Blaſtie, a ſhrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt
Blaſtit, blaſted
Blate, baſhful, ſheepiſh
Blather, bladder
Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to flap
Blaw, to blow, boaſt
Bleatin, bleating
Bleezing, blazing
Bleſſin, bleſſing
Blether, to talk idly; nonſenſe
Bleth'ren, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a ſmiling look; to look kindly, to ſhine by fits
Blinker a term of contempt
Blinkin, ſmirking
Bluegown, one of thoſe beggars who get annually, on the King's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge
Bluid, blood; *Bluidy*, bloody
Bluſht, did bluſh
Blype, a ſhred, a large piece
Bock, to vomit, to guſh intermittently
Bocked, guſhed, vomited
Bodle, a ſmall old coin
Bonnie, or bonny, handſome, beautiful

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Bonnilie, handſomely, beautifully
Boonock, a kind of thick cake of bread
Boord, a board
Boortree, the ſhrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Booſt, behoved, muſt needs
Botch an angry tumor
Bother, to pother
Bow-kail, cabbage
Bow't, bended, crooked
Brachens, fern
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the ſlope of a hill
Braid, broad
Braik, a kind of harrow
Braindge, to run raſhly forward
Braind'gt, reeled forward
Brak, broke, made inſolvent
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horſes
Braſh, a ſudden illneſs
Brats, coarſe cloaths, rags
Brattle, a ſhort race, hurry, fury
Braw, fine, handſome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
Brawnie, ſtout, brawny
Braxie, a morkin ſheep, &c.
Breakin, breaking
Breaſtie, *dimin.* of breaſt
Breaſtit, did ſpring up or forward
Breathin, breathing
Breef, an invulnerable or irreſiſtible ſpell
Breeks, breeches
Brewin, brewing
Brie, juice, liquid
Brig, a bridge
Brinſtane, brimſtone
Briſket, the breaſt, the boſom
Brither, a brother
Brogue, a hum, a trick
Broo, broth, liquid, water
Brooſe, a race at country weddings, who ſhall firſt reach the bridegroom's houſe, on returning from church
Brugh, a burgh
Bruilzie, a broil, a combuſtion
Brunt, did burn
Bruſt, to burſt
Buckſkin, an inhabitant of Virginia
Buirdly, ſtout-made, broad-built
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the ſummer evenings
Bummin, humming as bees
Bummler, a blunderer
Bummlin, to blunder

Bure,

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Bure, did bear
Burn, water, a rivulet
Burnewin, *i. e. burn the wind*, a blackſmith
Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
Buſkit, dreſſed
Buſle, a buſtle; to buſtle
But, without
But' an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
By himſelf, lunatic, diſtracted
Byre, a cow-ſtable

C.

CA', to call, to name, to drive
Cadger, a carrier
Cadie, or caddie, a perſon, a young fellow
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker
Cairn, a looſe heap of ſtones
Calf-ward, a ſmall incloſure for calves
Callan, a boy
Caller, freſh, ſound
Cam, did come
Canna, cannot
Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
Cannilie, dextrouſly, gently
Cantharidian, made of cantharides
Cantie, or canty, chearful, merry
Cantraip, a charm, a ſpell
Cap-ſtane, cop-ſtone, key-ſtone
Careerin, chearfully
Careſſin, careſſing
Carlin, a ſtout old woman
Carryin, carrying
Cartes, cards
Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved
Cauld, cold
Caup, a wooden drinking veſſel
Chanter, a part of a bag-pipe
Chantin, chanting
Chap, a perſon, a fellow, a blow
Chearfu', chearful
Cheekit, checked
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate
Chimla-lug, the fire-ſide
Chittering, ſhivering, trembling
Chockin, choking
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, ſide by ſide

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Chuffie, fat-faced
Clachan, a fmall village about a church, a hamlet
Claife or claes, clothes
Claith, cloth, *claithing*, clothing
Clap, clapper of a mill
Clarket, wrote
Clafh, an idle tale, the ftory of the day
Clatter, to tell little idle ftories; an idle ftory
Claut, to clean, to fcrape
Clauted, fcraped
Claw, to fcratch
Cleed, to clothe
Clinkin, jerking, clinking
Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
Clips, fheers
Clifhmaclaver, idle converfation
Clock, to hatch; a beetle
Clockin, hatching
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, fheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the devil
Clour, a bump or fwelling after a blow
Coaxin, wheedling
Coble, a fifhing boat
Cog, a wooden difh
Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
COILA, from Kyle, a diftrict of Ayrfhire, fo called, faith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictifh monarch
Collie, a general, and fometimes a particular name for country curs
Comin, coming
Commaun, command
Cood, the cud
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
Cookit, appeared and difappeared by fits
Cooft, did caft
Cootie, wooden kitchen difh, *alfo thofe fowls, whofe legs are clad with feathers, are faid to be* cootie
Core, corps, party, clan
Corn't, fed with oats
Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-houfe* or cottage
Couthie, kind, loving
Cove, a cave
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowrin, cowering
Cowte, a colt
Cozie, fnug; *cozily*, fnugly
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
Crack, converfation; to converfe

Crackin,

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Crackin, converſing
Craft or croft, a field near a houſe, *in old buſbandry*
Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verſes
Crank, the noiſe of an ungreaſed wheel
Crankous, fretful, *captious*
Cranreuch, the hoar froſt
Crap, a crop, to top
Craw, a crow *of a cock*, a rook
Creel, a baſket; *to have one's wit in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be faſcinated
Creepin, creeping
Creeſhie, greaſy
Cronie, crony, an old acquaintance
Crood or croud, to coo as a dove
Croon, a hollow continued moan; to make a noiſe like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouſe, chearful, courageous
Crouſly, chearfully, courageouſly
Crowdietime, breakfaſt-time
Crowlin, crawling
Crump, hard and brittle, *ſpoken of bread*
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cruſhin, cruſhing, cruſht, cruſhed
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
Cummock, a ſhort ſtaff with a crooked head
Curchie, a courteſy
Curler, a player at ice
Curlie, curled, whoſe hair falls naturally in ringlets
Curling, a well-known game on ice
Curmurring, murmuring, a ſlight rumbling noiſe
Curpin, the crupper
Cuſhat, the dove or wood pigeon

D.

DADDIE, a father
Daffin, merriment, fooliſhneſs
Daft, merry, giddy, fooliſh
Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now an then
Dainty, pleaſant, good humoured, agreeable
Dancin, dancing
Dappl't, dappled
Darklins, darkling
Daud, to thraſh; to abuſe

Daur,

Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared
Daurg or daurk, a day's labour
Dawd, a large piece
Dawtit or dawtet, fondled, careffed
Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
Dearthfu', dear
Deave, to deafen
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deleeret, delirious
Delvin, delving
Defcrive, to defcribe
Defervin, deferving
Devle, a ftunning blow
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff; cleaned from chaff
Dimpl't, dimpled
Ding, to worft, to pufh
Dinna, do not
Dirl, a flight tremulous ftroke or pain
Difrefpecket, difrefpected
Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
Doited, ftupified, hebetated
Dolefu', doleful
Dolt, ftupified, crazed
Donfie, unlucky
Dool, forrow; to *fing dool*, to lament, to mourn
Dorty, faucy, nice
Douce or doufe, fober, wife, prudent
Doucely, foberly, prudently
Dought, was or were able
Doure, ftout, durable, ftubborn, fullen
Dow, am *or* are able, to can
Dowff, pithlefs, wanting force
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.
Downa, am *or* are not able, cannot
Doylt, ftupid
Drap, a drop; to drop
Drapping, dropping
Dreadfu', dreadful
Dreep, to ooze, to drop
Dreeping, oozing, dropping
Dribble, drizzling, flaver
Driegh, flow
Drift, a drove
Drinkin, drinking
Droddum, the breech
Droop-rumpl't that droops at the crupper
Drouth, thirft, drought
Drucken, drunken
Drumbly, muddy
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Drunt, pet, four humour
Dryin, drying
Dub, a fmall pond
Duddie, ragged
Duds, rags, clothes
Dung, worfted, pufhed, driven

Dufh,

Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'E, the eye, een, the eyes
E'enin, evening
Eerie, frighted, *dreading spirits*
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
En', end
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
Eneugh, enough
Ensuin, ensuing
Especial, especially
Eydent, diligent

F.

FA', fall, lot; to fall
Fac't, faced
Faddom't, fathomed
Fae, a foe
Faem, foam
Fairin, a fairing, a present
Faithfu', faithful
Fallow, fellow
Fand, did find
Fareweel, farewel
Farl, a cake of bread
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for
Fash't, troubled
Fastern-een, Fastens Even
Fathrels, fatt'rils, ribbon ends, &c.
Fauld, a fold; to fold
Faulding, folding
Faut, fault
Fawsont, decent, seemly
Fearfu', frightful
Fear't, frighted
Feat, neat, spruce
Fecht, to fight; *fechtin*, fighting
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout
Feckless, puny, weak, silly
Feg, a fig
Feide, feud, enmity
Fell, keen, biting: the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level on the side or top of a hill
Fend, to live comfortably
Ferlie or ferly, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt
Fetch, to pull by fits
Fetch't, pulled, intermittently
Fidge, to fidget
Fidgin, fidgeting
Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend

Fisle,

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Fiſle, to make a ruſtling noiſe, to fidget; a buſtle
Fit, a foot
Fittie-lan', the near horſe of the hindmoſt pair in the plough
Fizz, to make a hiſſing noiſe, like fermentation
Flainen, flannel
Flatterin', flattering
Fleech, to ſupplicate in a flattering manner
Fleechin, ſupplicating
Fleeſh, a fleece
Fleg, a kick, a random blow
Flether, to decoy by fair words
Fletherin, flattering
Fley, to ſcare, to frighten
Fley'd, frighted, ſcared
Flichter, to flutter *as young neſtlings when their dam approaches*
Flichterin, fluttering
Flinders, ſherds, broken pieces
Flingin tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horſes in a ſtable, a flail
Fliſk, to fret at the yoke
Fliſkit, fretted
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of ſmall birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
Flunkie, a ſervant in livery
Flyin, flying
Foamin, foaming
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Forbye, beſides
Forfairn, diſtreſſed, worn out, jaded
Forgether, to meet, to encounter with
Forgie, to forgive
Forjeſket, jaded with fatigue
Formin, forming
Fou', full, drunk
Foughten, troubled, haraſſed
Fow, a buſhel, &c.
Frae, from
Freath, froath
Frien', friend
Fu', full
Fud, the ſcut of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Funnie, full of merriment
Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, bench
Fyfteen, fifteen
Fyke; trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuſs about trifles

Fyle,

Fyle, to ſoil, to dirty
Fyl't, ſoiled, dirtied

G.

GAB, the mouth; to ſpeak boldly or pertly
Gae, to go, *gaed*, went, *gaen* or *gane*, gone, *gaun*, going
Gaet or gate, way, manner, road
Gang, to go, to walk
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gaſh, wiſe, ſagacious, talkative; to converſe
Gaſhin, converſing
Gate, way, manner
Gatherin, gathering
Gaucy, jolly, large
Gear, riches, goods of any kind
Geck, to toſs the head in wantonneſs or ſcorn
Ged, a pike
Gentles, great folks
Geordie, a guinea
Get, a child, a young one
Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave, *Gi'en*, given
Giftie, *dimin.* of gift
Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if, againſt
Gipſey, a young girl
Girn, to grin, to twiſt the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girning, grining
Gizz, a periwig
Ghaiſt, a ghoſt
Glaiket, inattentive, fooliſh
Glaizie, glittering, ſmooth, like a glaſs
Gleg, ſharp, ready
Gley, a ſquint; to ſquint. *Agley*, off at a ſide, wrong
Glib gabbet, that ſpeaks ſmoothly and readily
Glint, to peep; *Glinted*, peeped; *Glintin*, peeping
Gloamin, the twilight
Glowr, to ſtare, to look; a ſtare, a look
Glowr'd, looked, ſtared
Glowring, ſtaring
Glunch, a frown; to frown
Gowan, the flower of the daiſy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowd, gold
Gowff, the game of golf; to ſtrike *as the bat does the ball at golf.*
Gowff'd, ſtruck

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Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Gowling, howling
Gracefu', graceful
Grain'd, groaned
Graining, groaning
Graip, a pronged inftrument for cleaning ftables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, drefs
Grane or grain, a groan; to groan
Grannie, a grandmother
Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
Great, intimate, familiar
Greatfu', grateful
Gree, to agree, *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor
Greet, to fhed tears, to weep
Greetin, crying, weeping
Gree't, agreed
Grievin, grieving
Grippet, catched, feized
Grifsle, griftle
Groat, *to get the whiftle of one's groat*, to play a lofing game
Groufome, loathfomely, grim
Grozet, a goofeberry
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
Grumphie, a fow
Grun', ground
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noife
Grunftane, a grindftone
Grufhie, thick, of thriving growth
GUDE, the SUPREME BEING, good
Guid, good; *Guide mornin*, good morrow; *Guid een*, good evening
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law
Guidman and *guidwife*, the mafter and miftrefs of the houfe; *Young guidman*, a man newly married
Gully or gullie, a large knife
Gumlie, muddy
Gufty, tafteful

H.

HA', hall
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall
Hae, to have
Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing
Haffet, the temple, the fide of the head
Hafflins, nearly half, partly

Hag,

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Hag, a ſcar or gulf in moſſes and moors

Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the ſtomach of a cow or ſheep

Hain, to ſpare, to ſave, *hain'd*, ſpared

Hairſt, harveſt

Haith, a petty oath

Hal' or hald, an abiding place

Hale, whole, tight, healthy

Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage

Hame, home, *Hameward*, homeward

Hamely, homely, affable

Han' or haun', hand

Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap

Happing, hopping

Hap-ſtep-an-lowp, hop, ſkip, and leap

Happer, a hopper

Harkit, hearkened

Haſh, a ſot

Haſtit, haſtened

Haud, to hold

Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, vallies

Haurl, to drag, to peel

Haurlin, peeling

Haverel, a half-witted perſon; half-witted

Havins, good manners decorum, good ſenſe

Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*

Healſome, healthful, wholeſome

Hean, had, *the participle*

Heapit, heaped

Hearſe, hoarſe

Hear't, hear it

Heather, heath

Hech! Oh! ſtrange

Hecht, to foretel ſomething that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold

Heeze, to elevate, to raiſe

Helim, the rudder or helm

Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks

Herſel, herſelf

Herrin, a herring

Herry, to plunder, *moſt properly to plunder birds neſts*

Herryment, plundering, devaſtation

Het, hot

Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit

Hilch, to hobble, to halt

Hilchin, halting

Himſel, himſelf

Hing, to hang

Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep; *Hirplin*, creeping

Hiſſel, ſo many cattle as one perſon can attend

Hiſtie,

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Hiſtie, dry, chapt, barren
Hitch, a loop, a knot
Hizzie, huſſy, a young girl
Hoddin, the motion of a ſage countryman riding on a cart-horſe
Hog-ſcore, a kind of diſtance line, in curling, drawn acroſs the *rink*
Hog-ſhouther, a kind of horſe play by juſtling with the ſhoulder; to juſtle
Hool, outer ſkin or caſe
Hoolie, ſlowly, leiſurely; *Hoolie!* take leiſure! ſtop!
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded
Horn, a ſpoon made of horn
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil
Hoſt, to cough; *Hoſtin*, coughing
Houghmagandie, fornication
Houſie, *dimin.* of houſe
Hove, to heave, ſwell
Hov'd, heaved, ſwelled
Howdie, a midwife
Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell
Howe-backet, ſunk in the back, *ſpoken of a horſe*, &c.
Howk, to dig; *Howkit*, digged, *Howkin*, digging
Hoy, to urge; *Hoy't*, urged
Hoyſe, a pull upwards
Hoyte, to amble crazily
Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper

I.

I', In
Icker, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great grandchild
Ilk or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Indentin, indenting
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire, fire-place
I'ſe, I ſhall or will
Ither, other, one another

J.

JAD, jade; alſo a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaw, coarſe raillery; to pour out, to ſpurt, to jerk *as water*
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water

Jillet,

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; ſlender in the waiſt, handſome
Jinglin, jingling
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a ſudden turning a corner
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay ſprightly girl, a wag
Jinkin, dodging
Jirt, a jerk
Jocteleg, a kind of knife
Jokin, joking
Jouk, to ſtoop, to bow the head
Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the ſwinging motion and pealing ſound of a large bell
Joyfu', joyful
Jumpin, jumping
Jumpit, did jump
Jundie, to juſtle

K.

KAE, a daw
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth
Kail-runt, the ſtem of the colewort
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kebbuck, a cheeſe
Keek, a peep; to peep
Keepit, kept
Kelpies, a ſort of miſchievous ſpirits, ſaid to haunt fords and ferries at night, eſpecially in ſtorms
Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew
Kennin, a ſmall matter
Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Kilt, to truſs up the clothes
Kimmer, a young girl, a goſſip
Kin, kindred
Kin', kind
King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kirn, the harveſt ſupper, a churn; to churn
Kirſen, to chriſten
Kiſt, cheſt, a ſhop counter
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to ſerve for ſoup, gravy, &c.
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely
Kittlin, a young cat
Kiutlin, cuddling
Kiuttle, to cuddle
Knaggie, like *knags* or points of rocks
Knappin hammer, a hammer for breaking ſtones
Knowe, a ſmall round hillock

Digitized by Google

Kye, cows,
KYLE, a diſtrict of Ayrſhire
Kyte, the belly
Kythe, to diſcover, to ſhow one's ſelf

L.

LADDIE, *dimin.* of lad
Laggen, the angle between the ſide and bottom of a wooden diſh
Laigh, low
Lairing, wading, and ſinking in ſnow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath
Laithfu', baſhful, ſheepiſh
Lallans, Scottiſh language
Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
Lampit, a kind of ſhell-fiſh
Lan', land, eſtate
Lane, lone, *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myſelf alone, &c. thyſelf alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long, *to think lang*, to long, to weary
Lap, did leap
Lapfu', lapful
Laughin, laughing
Lave, the reſt, the remainder, the others
Laverock, the lark
Lawfu', lawful
Lawlan, Lowland; *Lallans*, Scottiſh dialect
Lea'e, to leave
Leal, loyal, true, faithful
Lear, *pronounce* lare, learning
Lee-lang, live-long
Leeze me, a phraſe of congratulatory endearment
Leiſter, a three pronged dart for ſtriking fiſh
Leugh, did laugh
Leuk, a look, to look
Lightly, ſneeringly, to ſneer at
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to ſing
Limp't, limp'd, hobbeled
Limmer, a kept miſtreſs; a ſtrumpet
Link, to trip along
Linkin, tripping
Linn, a water-fall
Lint, flax, *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower
Lintwhite, a linnet
Livin, living
Loan, the place of milking
Loof, the palm of the hand
Looves, *plural of loof*
Loot, did let
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of eaſy virtue
Lowe, a flame
Lowin, flaming
Lowſe, to looſe
Lowſ'd, looſed

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Lowrie, *abbreviation* of Lawrence
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, a ſmall wooden diſh with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunch, a large piece of cheeſe, fleſh, &c.
Lunt, a column of ſmoke; to ſmoke
Luntin, ſmoking
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M.

MAE, more
Mak, to make; *makin*, making
Mair, more
Maiſt, moſt, almoſt
Maiſtly, moſtly
Mallie, Molly
'Mang, among
Manteele, a mantle
Mark, marks, *this and ſeveral other nouns, which, in Engliſh, require an* s *to form the plural, are in Scots like the words* ſheep, deer, *the ſame in both numbers*
Mar's year, the Rebellion A. D. 1715
Maſhlum, meſlin, mixed corn
Maſk, to maſh, *as malt*, &c.
Maſkin-pat, a tea-pot
Maun, muſt
Maukin, a hare
Mavis, the truſh
Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing
Meere, a mare
Melancholious, mournful
Mell, to meddle
Melvie, to ſoil with meal
Men', to amend
Menſe, good manners, decorum
Menſeleſs, ill-bred, rude, impudent
Meſſin, a ſmall dog
Middin, a dunghill
Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill
Mim, prim, affectedly, meek
Min', mind, remembrance
Mindfu', mindful
Mind't, mind it, reſolved, intending
Minnie, mother, dam
Miſca', to abuſe, to call names
Miſca'd, abuſed
Miſlear'd, miſchievous, unmannerly
Miſteuk, miſtook
Mither, a mother

Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
Moil, labour
Moistify, to moistin
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan, of or belonging to moors
Mony, or monie, many
Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Mottie, full of motes
Mou, the mouth
Moudiewort, a mole
Mournfu', mournful
Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse
Muckle, much, big, great
Musie, *dimin.* of muse
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens
Mutchkin, an English pint
Mysel, myself

N.

NA, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not, any
Naething, or naithing, nothing
Naig, a horse
Nane, none
Neebor, a neighbour
Needfu', needful
Negleckit, neglected
Neuk, nook
Niest, next
Nieve, the fist
Nieveful, handful
Niger, a negro
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
Nine-tailed cat, a hangman's whip
Nit, a nut
Norland, of or belonging to the North
Nor-west, North-west
Notic't, noticed
Nowte, black cattle

O.

O', of
Observin, observing
Ony, or onie, any
Or, *is often used for* ere, before
O't, of it
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
Outler, not housed
Owre, over, too
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stones of wool

Painch,

Painch, paunch
Patrick, a partridge
Pang, to cram
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch diſh
Pat, did put; a pot
Pattle, or pettle, a plough-ſtaff
Paukie, cunning, ſly
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pay't, paid, beat
Pech, to fetch the breath ſhort, *as in an aſthma*
Pechan, the crop, the ſtomach
Peelin, peeling
Penſivelie, penſively
Pettle, to cheriſh; a plough-ſtaff
Pet, a domeſticated ſheep, &c.
Phraiſe, fair ſpeeches, flattery; to flatter
Phraiſin, flattery
Pickle, a ſmall quantity
Pine, pain, uneaſineſs
Pit, to put
Placad, a public proclamation
Plack, an old Scotch coin
Plackleſs, pennyleſs
Platie, *dimin.* of plate
Plew or pleugh, a plow
Pliſkie, a trick
Plumpit, did plump
Poortith, poverty
Pou, to pull
Pouk, to pluck
Pouſſie, a hare or cat
Pou't, did pull
Pout, a poult, a chicken
Pouthery, like powder
Pow, the head, the ſkull
Pownie, a little horſe
Powther or pouther, powder
Prayin, praying
Preen, a pin
Prent, printing
Pridefu', proud, ſaucy
Prie, to taſte
Prie'd, taſted
Prief, proof
Prig, to cheapen, to diſpute
Priggin, cheapening
Primſie, demure, preciſe
Propone, to lay down, to propoſe
Proveſes, provoſts
Pryin, prying
Puddin, pudding
Pund, pound, pounds
Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a ſingle grain of chaff

Q.

QUAK, to quake
Quakin, quaking
Quat, to quit

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Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R.

RAGWEED, the plant ragwort
Raible, to rattle nonſenſe
Rair, to roar; *rair't*, roared; *rairing*, roaring
Raize, to madden, to inflame
Ramblin, rambling
Ramfeezled, fatigued, overſpread
Ram-ſtam, forward, thoughtleſs
Rantin, ranting
Rarely, excellent, very well
Raſh, a ruſh; *raſh buſs*, a buſh of raſhes
Rattlin, rattling
Ratton, a rat
Raucle, raſh, ſtout, fearleſs
Raught, reached
Raw, a row
Rax, to ſtretch
Ream, cream
Receivin, receiving
Reck, to heed
Rede, counſel, to counſel
Red-wud, ſtark mad
Ree, half-drunk, fuddled
Reek, ſmoke; to ſmoke; *reekin*, ſmoking; *reekit*, ſmoked, ſmoky
Reeſtit, ſtood reſtive, ſtunted, withered
Refus't, refuſed
Remarkin, remarking
Remead, remedy
Requite, requitted
Reſt, to ſtand reſtive
Reſtricked, reſtricted
Rhymin, rhyming
Ridin, riding
Rig, a ridge
Rin, to run, to melt; *runnin*, running
Rink, the courſe of the ſtones, *a term in* curling
Ripp, a handful of unthreſhed corn, &c.
Riſkit, made a noiſe like the tearing of roots
Rives, tears, breaks
Roamin, roaming
Rood *ſtands likewiſe for the plural* roods
Roon, a ſhred
Rooſe, to praiſe, to commend
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
Roupet, hoarſe *as with a cold*
Row, to roll, to wrap
Row't, rolled, wrapped
Rowte, to low, to bellow
Rowth, plenty
Rowtin, lowing
Rozet, roſin
Rung, a cudgel
Runkl'd, wrinkled

Runt,

Digitized by Google

Runt, the ſtem of colewort or cabbage
Ruſtlin, ruſtling

S.

SAE, ſo
Saft, ſoft
Sair, to ſerve, a ſore
Sairly, or ſairlie, ſorely
Sair't, ſerved
Sang, a ſong
Sark, a ſhirt
Sarkit, provided in ſhirts
Saugh, the willow
Saul, ſoul
Saumont, ſalmon
Saunt, a ſaint
Saut, ſalt; *ſauted*, ſalted
Saw, to ſow
Sawin, ſowing
Sax, ſix
Scar, to ſcare
Scaud, to ſcald
Scauld, to ſcold; *ſcaulding*, ſcolding
Scaur, apt to be ſeared
Scawl, a ſcold
Scone, a kind of bread
Sconner, a lothing; to lothe
Scornfu', ſcornful
Scraich, to ſcream *as a hen, partridge*, &c.
Scraichin, ſcreaming
Screechin, ſcreeching
Screed, to tear; a rent
Scrieve, to glide ſwiftly along
Scrievin, gleeſomely, ſwiftly
Scrimp, to ſcant; *ſcrimpet*, did ſcant, ſcanty
See'd, did ſee
Seizin, ſeizing
Sel, ſelf; *a body's ſel*, one's ſelf alone
Sell't, did ſell
Sen', to ſend; *ſen't*, ſend it
Servan', ſervant
Sets, *ſets off*, goes away
Settlin, ſettling; *to get a ſettlin*, to be frighted into quietneſs
Shaird, a ſhred, a ſhard
Shangan, a ſtick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of miſchief, or to frighten him away
Shaver, a humourous wag, a barber
Shaw, to ſhow; a ſmall wood in a hollow place
Sheen, bright, ſhining
Sheep ſhank, *to think one's ſelf nae ſheep ſhank*, to be conceited
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, *the famous battle fought in the Rebellion*, A. D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench

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Shill, ſhrill
Shog, a ſhock
Shool, a ſhovel
Shoon, ſhoes
Shootin, ſhooting
Shore, to offer, to threaten
Shor'd, offered
Shouther, ſhoulder
Sic, ſuch
Sicker, ſure, ſteady
Sidelins, ſidelong, ſlanting
Siller, ſilver, money
Simmer, ſummer
Sin, a ſon
Sin', ſince
Sinfu', ſinful
Sinkin', ſinking
Sittin, ſitting
Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury
Skelp, to ſtrike, to ſlap, to walk with a ſmart tripping ſtep; a ſmart ſtroke
Skelpin, ſtappin, walking ſmartly
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female ſcolding
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled
Skirkling, ſhrieking, crying
Skirl, to ſhriek, to cry ſhrilly
Skirling, ſhrieked
Skirl't, ſhrieked
Sklent, ſlant; to run aſlant, to deviate from truth
Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction
Sklentin, ſlanting
Skreigh, a ſcream; to ſcream
Slade, did ſlide
Slae, ſloe
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
Slaw, ſlow
Slee, ſly; *ſleeſt*, ſlyeſt
Sleekit, ſleek
Sliddery, ſlippery
Slype, to fall over, *as a wet furrow from the plough*
Slypet, fell
Sma', ſmall
Smeddum, duſt, powder; mettle, ſenſe
Smiddy, ſmithy
Smoor, to ſmother; *ſmoor'd* ſmothered
Smoutie, ſmutty, obſcene, ugly
Smytrie, a numerous collection of ſmall individuals
Snaſh, abuſe, Billinſgate
Snaw, ſnow; to ſnow
Snaw-broo, melted ſnow
Snawie, ſnowie
Sned, to lop, to cut off
Sneeſhin, ſnuff; *ſneeſhin-mill*, ſnuff-box
Snell, bitter, biting
Snick, drawing, trick-contriving

Snick,

Digitized by Google

Snick, the latchet of a door
Snool, one whofe fpirit is broken with oppreffive flavery; to fubmit tamely, to fneak
Snoove, to go fmoothly and conftantly, to fneak
Snoov't, went fmoothly
Snowk, to fcent or fnuff, *as a dog*, *horfe*, &c.
Snowkit, fcented, fnuffed
Sobbin, fobbing
Sonfie, having fweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly
Soom, to fwim
Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Souple, flexible, fwift
Souter, a fhoemaker
Sowp, a fpoonful, a fmall quantity of any thing liquid
Sowth, to try over a tune, with a low whiftle
Sowther, folder; to folder, to cement
Spae, to prophefy, to divine
Spairge, to dafh, to foil *as with mire*
Spak, did fpeak
Sparin, fparing
Spaul, a limb
Spaviet, having the fpavin
Speakin, fpeaking
Speat, a fweeping torrent, after rain or thaw
Speel, climb
Spence, the country parlour
Spier, to afk, to inquire
Spier't, inquired
Spitefu', fpiteful
Splatter, a fplutter; to fputter
Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noife
Sportin, fporting
Sprattle, to fcramble
Spreckl'd, fpotted, fpeckled
Spring, a quick air in mufic, a Scottifh reel
Springin, fpringing
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant fomething like rufhes
Sprittie, full of fprits
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
Spunkie, mettlefome, fiery; will-o'-wifp, or *ignis fatuus*
Squad, a crew, a party
Squatter, to flutter in water, *as a wild duck*, &c.
Squattle, to fprawl
Squeel, a fcream, a fcreech; to fcream
Stacher, to ftagger
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, *dimin.* of ftag
Stampin, ftamping
Stan', to ftand; *ftan't*, did ftand
Stane, a ftone

Stank,

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Stank, a pool of ſtanding water
Stap, ſtop
Stark, ſtout
Startin, ſtarting
Startle, to run *as cattle ſtung by the gadfly*
Starvin, ſtarving
Staumrel, halfwitted
Staw, did ſteal; to ſurfeit
Stech, to cram the belly
Stechin, craming
Steek, to ſhut; a ſtitch
Steer, to moleſt, to ſtir
Steeve, firm, compacted
Stell, a ſtill
Sten, to rear as a horſe
Sten't, reared
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
Stey, ſteep; *ſteyeſt*, ſteepeſt
Stibble, ſtubble; *ſtibble-rig*, the reaper, in harveſt, who takes the lead
Stick an' ſtow, totally, altogether
Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Wincheſter buſhel
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin, ſtocking
Stoor, ſounding hollow, ſtrong and horſe
Stot, an ox
Stoup or ſtowp, a kind of jug or diſh with a handle
Stoure, duſt, *more particularly* duſt in motion
Stowlins, by ſtealth
Stown, ſtolen
Strack, did ſtrike
Strae, ſtraw; *to die a fair-ſtrae death*, to die in bed
Straik, to ſtroke; *ſtraikit*, ſtroked
Strappan, tall and handſome
Straught, ſtraight
Streek, ſtretched, to ſtretch; *ſtreekit*, ſtretched
Strewin, ſtrewing
Striddle, to ſtraddle
Stringin, ſtringing
Stroan, to ſpout, to piſs
Stroan't, ſpouted, piſſed
Strunt, ſpirituous liquor of any kind; to walk ſturdily
Studdie, an anvil
Stuff, corn, or pulſe of any kind
Stumpie, *dimin.* of ſtump
Sturt, trouble; to moleſt
Sturtin, frighted
Sucker, ſugar
Sud, ſhould

Sugh,

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Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation
Swaird, sward
Swall'd, swelled
Swank, stately, jolly
Swankie or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
Swap, an exchange, to barter
Swat, did sweat
Swatch, a sample
Sweaten, sweating
Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse
Swervin, swerving
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swingein, beaten, whipping
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
Swith! get away
Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice
Swoot, swore, did swear
Syne, since ago, then

T.

TAE, a toe; *three tae'd*, having three prongs
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking
Talkin, talking
Tangle, a sea weed
Tap, the top
Tapetless, headless, foolish
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tauld, or tald, told
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person
Tauted, or tautie, matted together, *spoken of hair or wool*
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *spoken of a horse, cow*, &c.
Tearfu', tearful
Teat, a small quantity
Ten hours bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, heedless
Teugh, tough; *teughly*, toughly
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessaries

Thae,

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Thae, thefe
Thairms, fmall guts, fiddle-ftrings
Thankfu', thankful
Thankit, thanked
Thegither, together
Themfel, themfelves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thievelefs, cold, dry, fpited; *fpoken of a perfon's demeanour*
Thinkin, thinking
Thir, thefe
Thirl, to thrill
Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to fuffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw
Thowlefs, flack, lazy
Thrang, throng, a crowd
Thraw, to fprain, to twift, to contradict
Thrawn, fprained, twifted, contradicted
Thrawin, twifting, &c.
Threap, to maintain by dint of affertion
Threfhin, thrafhing
Threteen, thirteen
Thriftle, thiftle
Through, to go on with, to make out
Throuther, pell-mell, confufedly
Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noife
Thumpin, thumping
Thumpit, thumped
Thyfel, thyfelf
Till't, to it
Timmer, timber; *timber-propt*, propped with timber
Tine, to lofe; *tint*, loft
Tinkler, a tinker
Tip, a ram
Tippence, twopence
Tirl, to make a flight noife, to uncover
Tirlin, uncovering
Tither, the other
Tittle, to whifper
Tittlin, whifpering
Tocher, marriage-portion
Tod, a fox
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
Toddlin, tottering
Toom, empty
Toop, a ram
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-houfe
Tout, the blaft of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rop
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Towzie, rough, fhaggy
Toy, a very old fafhion of female head-drefs
Toyte, to totter like old age
Tranfmugrify'd, tranfmigrated, metamorphofed

Trafhtrie,

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Trafhtrie, trafh
Trickie, full of tricks
Trig, fpruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trottin, trotting
Trow, to believe
Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Tryin, trying
Try't, tried
Tug, raw hide, *of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made*
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Tunefu', tuneful
Twa, two
Twa-three, a few
'Twad, it would
'Twal, twelve; *Twalpennieworth*, a fmall quantity, a penny-worth
Twin, to part
Tyke, a dog

U.

UNCO, ftrange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious
Uncos, news
Uncaring, difregarding
Undoin, undoing
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unfkaith'd, undamaged, unhurt
Upo', upon

V.

VAP'RIN, vapouring—
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

WA', wall; *Wa's*, walls
Wabfter, a weaver
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
Wadna, would not
Waeful, woeful
Waefucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity
Waft, the woof
Waifu', wailing
Wair, to lay out, to expend
Wal'd, chofe, chofen
Wale, choice; to choofe
Walie, ample, large, jolly; alfo an interjection of diftrefs
Wame, the belly; *wamefou*, a bellyful
Wanchancie, unluckie

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Wanreſtfu', reſtleſs
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work with
Warl, or warld, world
Warlock, a wizzard
Warly, worldly, eager on amaſſing wealth
Warran, a warrant; to warrant
Warſt, worſt
Warſtl'd or warſl'd, wreſtled
Waſtrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know
Water-broſe, *broſe* made of meal and water ſimply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to ſwing, to reel
Waukin, to awake
Waukit, thickened, *as fullers do cloth*
Waur, worſe; to worſt
Waurt, worſted
Wean or weanie, a child
Wearie, or wearie; *monie a weary body*, many a different perſon
Weaſon, weaſand
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a ſmall matter
Weel, well; *weelfare*, wellfare
Weet, rain, wetneſs
We'ſe, we ſhall
Wha, who
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern ſtring, a piece of cheeſe, bread, &c. to give the ſtrappado
Whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever
Whaſe, whoſe
Whatreck, nevertheleſs
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, ſmall beer
Whid, the motion of a hare runnin but not frighted; a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney
Whirlygigums, uſeleſs ornaments, trifling appendages
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whiſht! ſilence! *to hold one's whiſht*, to be ſilent
Whiſk, to ſweep, to laſh
Whiſkit, laſhed
Whiſsle, a whiſtle, to whiſtle
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
Whun-ſtane, a whin-ſtone
Whyles, whiles, ſometimes
Wi', with
Wick, to ſtrike a ſtone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*

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Wiel, a ſmall whirlpool
Wiſie, *a diminutive or endearing term for* wife
Wimple, to meander
Wimpl't, meandered
Wimplin, waving, meandering
Win, to wind, to winnow
Win', wind; *win's*, winds
Winkin, winking
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winſome, gay, hearty, vaunted
Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*
Wintle, a ſtaggering motion; to ſtagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wiſs, to wiſh
Withoutten, without
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dryed, ſhrunk
Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
Woo', wool
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
Wordy, worthy
Worſet, worſted
Wrack, to teaſe, to vex
Wraith, a ſpirit, a ghoſt; an apparition exactly like a living perſon, whoſe appearance is ſaid to forbode the perſon's approaching death
Wrang, wrong; to wrong
Wreeth, a drifted heap of ſnow
Wud-mad, diſtracted
Wumble, a wimble
Wyliecoat, a flannel veſt
Wyte, blame; to blame

Y.

YE, this pronoun is frequently uſed for *Thou*
Yealings, born in the ſame year, coevals
Year, *is uſed for both ſing. and plur.* years
Yearns, ſmall eagles
Yell, barren, that gives no milk
Yerk, to laſh, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, laſhed
Yeſtreen, yeſternight
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yokin, yoking, a bout
Yont, beyond
Yourſel', yourſelf
Youthfu', youthful
Yowe, a ewe
Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe
Yule, Chriſtmas

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